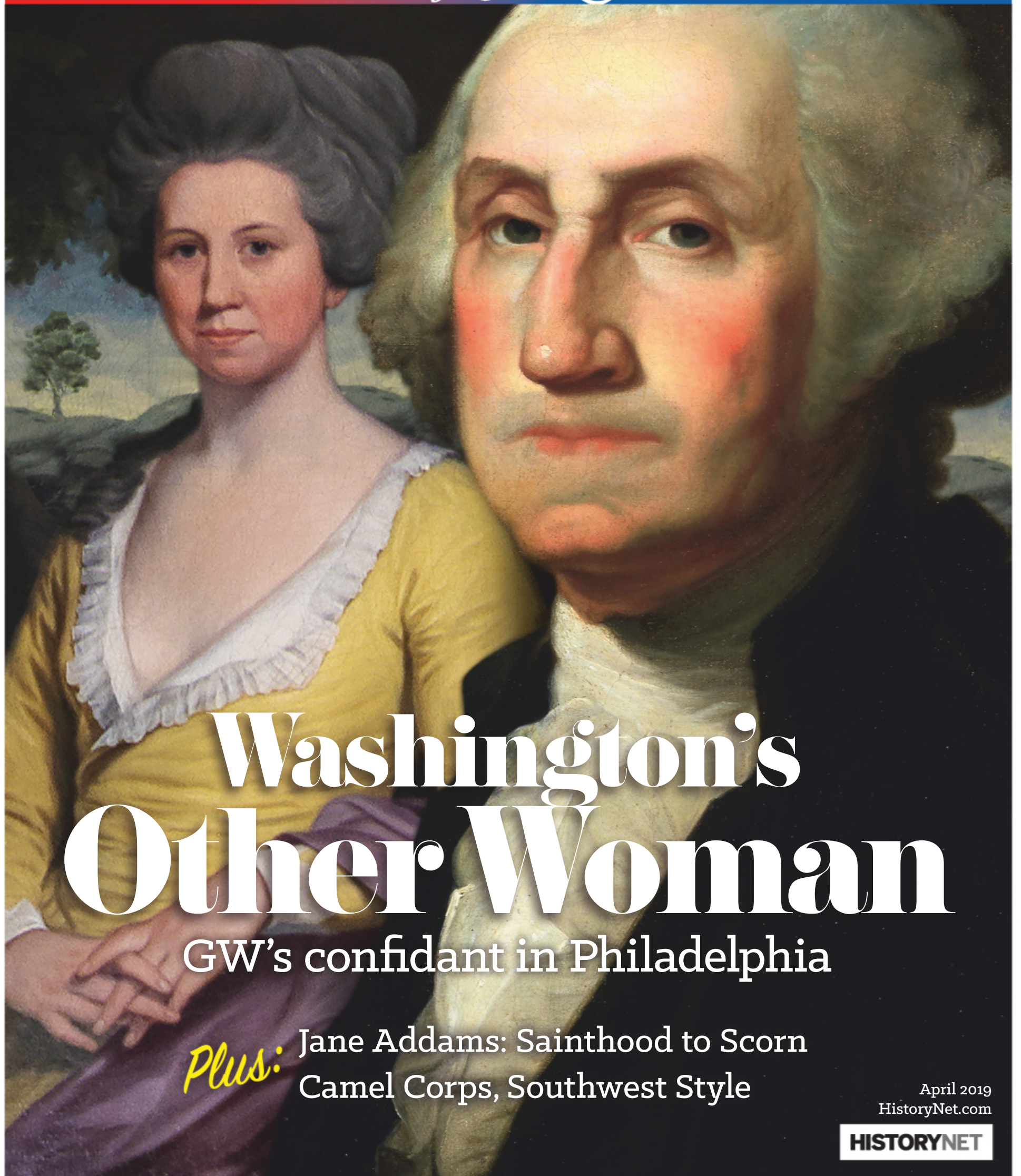


AMERICAN

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Washington's Other Woman

GW's confidant in Philadelphia

Plus: Jane Addams: Sainthood to Scorn
Camel Corps, Southwest Style

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32

40



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APRIL 2019



ON THE COVER: Among President George Washington's most significant friendships was his long-time platonic connection to Philadelphian Eliza Willing Powel.

FEATURES

32 Washington's Other Woman

The Founding Father's friendship with a Philadelphia socialite had an unexpected impact *By Welles Brandriff*

40 Camel Corps

To hump the Southwest deserts in antebellum days, the army drafted four-legged recruits *By David Sears*

48 Secular Saint Scorned

Jane Addams's reputation sank when she tried selling pacifism as patriotism in wartime *By J.D. Zahniser*

56 Taken

In captivity, a Texas boy learned to like being an Indian—down to gnawing raw liver *By Peter Carlson*

DEPARTMENTS

6 Mosaic

News from out of the past

12 Contributors

14 Interview

Historian Fredrik Logevall on what might have been between Vietnam and the United States of America

16 Déjà Vu

Socialism once again emerges to establish a toehold in mainstream American politics

20 American Schemers

A sisterly prank in rural New York began a vogue for talking to the dead

22 SCOTUS 101

In *Sullivan*, the court sets a daunting bar for public figures trying to prove libel

24 Cameo

Charles Bonaparte, a relative of the Little Corporal, was a goo-goo supreme

26 Style

Pierre Koenig, Modernism, and more

66 Reviews

72 An American Place

Coupeville, Washington



16

"Socialism" had a different ring in early 20th-century Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: MPI/GETTY IMAGES; ALAMY STOCK PHOTO; ART RESOURCE, NY; COURTESY OF THE WISCONSIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY; UTSA SPECIAL COLLECTIONS; COVER: FROM LEFT: PHOTO BY HEATHER HACKER; DIGITAL IMAGE LIBRARY/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO/PHOTO ILLUSTRATION: BRIAN WALKER.



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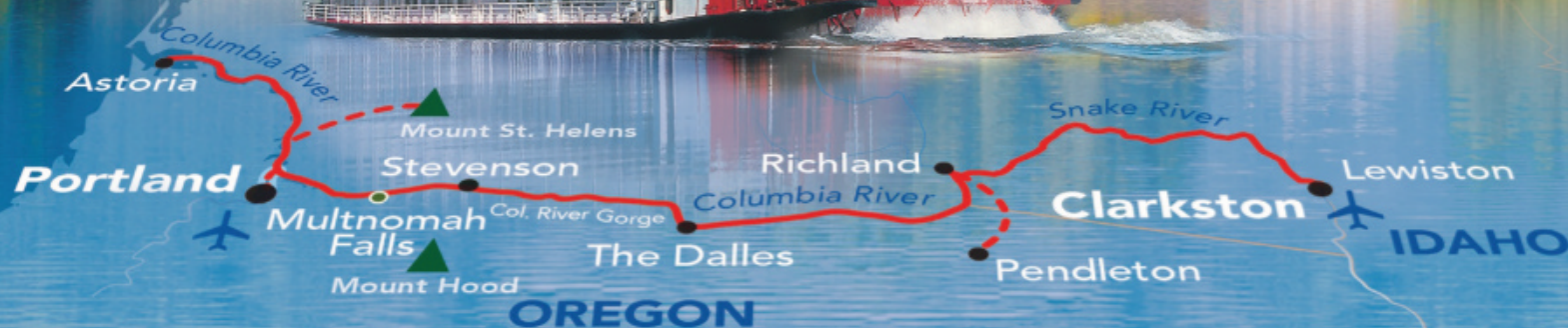
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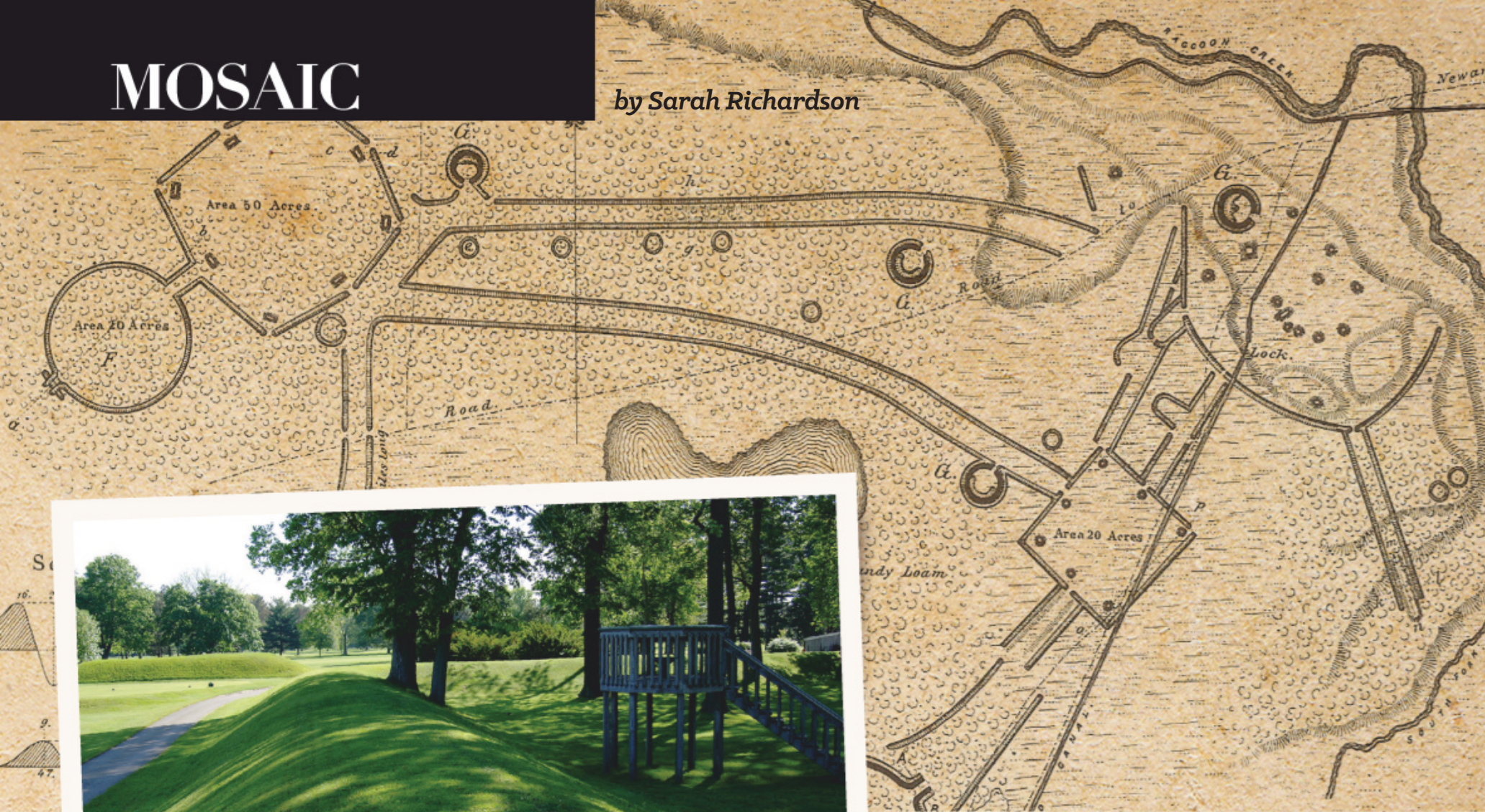


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The state of the Octagon ceremonial Club, whose

Ohio wants World Heritage site status for Octagon Earthworks, a Native American site in Newark. But Moundbuilders Country Club's ground lease on the 50-acre site, now a private golf course, runs until 2078, is holding up the application. After the state and the club could not arrange a buyout of

History v. Hitting Balls

the lease, Ohio History Connection, a nonprofit that manages historic sites and archives for the state, petitioned on November 28 to regain the property through eminent domain. The club had until late January 2019 to reply. Geometrically complex Octagon Earthworks, thought to have been an astronomical observatory, once had walls 12 feet high. Within today's gently undulant expanse are outlines of an ancient circle and octagon, both enormous. The octagon's corners align with moonrises and -sets at specific dates over an 18.6-year cycle. The site—an element of Newark Earthworks, which once spread four square miles—was constructed by a people known as the Hopewell Culture for the

farm where artifacts first were found. Hopewellites resided here from 100 B.C. to 500 A.D. The complexity of their handiwork and landscaping led 19th-century archaeologists Ephraim Squier and Edwin Davis to declare it “impossible to give anything like a comprehensible description of them.”

Originally connected to two large earthworks since destroyed, the Octagon grounds fit into a vast network of 40-some ceremonial mounds comprising the world's largest array of non-defensive structures. Primarily hunters and gatherers, the Hopewell people traded with other indigenes as far away as the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Coast. Scholars conjecture that societal bonds strengthened as a result of the huge work forces and considerable engineering expertise needed for such large projects. World Heritage site status, conferred by the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization, would boost tourism by placing the ancient earthworks on par with other UNESCO heritage sites, such as Arizona's Grand Canyon, India's Taj Mahal, and Egypt's pyramids. [bit.ly/UNESCOHopewell]

Unlevel Playing Field
What seems like the rough on the Moundbuilders Country Club course is actually ancient mound builders' work.

Across the Western Ocean

The potato blight that ravaged Ireland between 1846 and 1850 starved more than a million Irish. About a million more came to the United States, at the time the nation's biggest wave of single-source immigration, right.

William Collins and Ariell Zimran of Vanderbilt University, undertaking a task long hampered by lack of official documentation, combed U.S. census records from 1850 and 1880 to learn how these immigrants and their offspring fared. Results of the 1850 census do not specify *when* participants arrived; to compensate, researchers analyzed where a family bore children, along with immigrants' occupations and degree of literacy. Irish arriving between 1846 and 1850 were likelier to be farm workers from Ireland's southern and western provinces and more likely to be illiterate than earlier immigrants from Ireland, Germany, and Britain. To gauge how famine-era arrivals' offspring fared compared to other immigrants' offspring, the study looked at sons' occupations in 1880. In general, the second generation did better than their fathers and were less likely to follow their fathers into unskilled labor. Using surnames to guess at religious affiliation, researchers concluded that Catholic immigrants were less likely to progress upwardly as far as non-Catholics.



Turn It Up!

The electric guitar, America's rock 'n' roll talisman, grew out of 1930s Hawaiian music and jazz, according to the Musical Instrument Museum in Phoenix, Arizona. A new exhibition documents early efforts to electrify and amplify the sound of the

violin and other acoustic instruments as early as 1919. Amateurs and tinkers seeking a bigger sound, curator Rich Walter says, hit pay dirt with the electrified guitar. Prototypes were played on the lap, dulcimer style, by depressing the strings with a steel bar, producing the trebly ringing tones that popularized acoustic Hawaiian music in the 1930s. The best-known antecedent to today's electric guitar was the work of designer Gary Beauchamp. Manufactured by Ro-Pat-In, later Rickenbacker, that lap guitar would reach a wide audience through a 1932 broadcast of a set in San Francisco by jazzman, band-leader, and electronics geek Alvino Rey. Western swing and blues players also went electric. The variety of instruments and experimentation was astounding, Walter said. Luthiers made instruments of plastic, wood, vinyl, and metal, with all sorts of electronic tweaks. "Nearly everything you can do or even imagine doing to a guitar had already been done in the 1930s," the curator said. Aficionados can eyeball Rey's Electro A-25 (1932), Charlie Christian's Gibson ES-250 (1940), Paul Bigsby's "Standard" guitar (1949), Pete Townshend's #5 Gibson Les Paul Deluxe (1976), and Bo Diddley's final ax (1998), plus some 80 other guitars and amplifiers. The museum displays some 6,000 instruments. [bit.ly/AlohaAcoustic]



Going to 11 Early
Pioneering picker Alvino Rey's amplified Electro A-25, above, and its historic context.

Slaving by the Numbers



Researching 19th-century New England mills led Caitlin Rosenthal, associate professor of history at University of California, Berkeley, to study accounting on slave-powered plantations in the West Indies and the American South. Rosenthal's 2018 *Accounting for Slavery: Masters and Management* shows plantation accounting as highly advanced and more sophisticated than many businesses in the North. Large plantations enslaved hundreds, sometimes thousands, requiring tracking by managers, including accounting managers and middle managers—often enslaved themselves. Most surprising to Rosenthal was adoption of depreciation—such as devaluing disabled and elderly slaves—long before the late 1800s, when factory ledgers began to note depreciation of capital. Plantations were laboratories for capitalism, Rosenthal notes, thanks to their size and owners' frequent absence. Managers had to collect data on workers, and because those workers were chained, literally or figuratively, to their livelihood, owners could experiment with incentives, punishments, and other touches, and so more reliably quantify their results.

Harvest Time in Louisiana

An overseer watches as slaves gather grain on a rice plantation field.



Meet the New Boss

Anthea Hartig will head the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History in Washington, DC. Hartig, who ran the California Historical Society for seven years, replaces the retiring John Gray. Hartig has been a history professor at La Sierra University in Riverside, California, and director of the Western Region of the National Trust for Historic Preservation. She will oversee 2019-20 exhibitions on women and Latinos, including "All Work, No Pay," "Creating Icons: How We Remember Women's Suffrage" and "Girlhood! (It's Complicated)." In 2021, the Smithsonian will open the Molino Latino Gallery, featuring bilingual exhibits. Hartig is the first woman to direct the facility.

Indians in the Pacific Northwest were using tobacco as long ago as 800 AD, the world's longest regional record of such use, according to a team led by anthropologist Shannon Tushingham at Washington State University in Pullman. The New World plant was

Smoke Signals

thought to have been introduced to Pacific Northwest indigenes like the Nez Perce, right, by Europeans, supplanting smoking traditions involving dried bearberry, or kinnikinnick. That narrative is shifting as analysis shows tobacco's chemical signature on 12 pipes or pipe fragments from the Columbia River Basin in southeast Washington. Researchers think trade tobacco crowded out native varieties now scarce in the region. Tobacco originated in the southern Andes. Taino Arawak Indians in the Bahamas introduced it to Christopher Columbus, who recorded data on tobacco on his 1492 voyage. *Nicotiana tabacum* became a colonial cash crop.

thought to have been introduced to Pacific Northwest indigenes like the Nez Perce, right, by Europeans, supplanting smoking traditions involving dried bearberry, or kinnikinnick. That narrative is shifting as analysis shows tobacco's chemical signature on 12 pipes or pipe fragments from the Columbia River



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Recently, the family of the Wall Street employee brought in experts to carefully open the bags and examine their contents. Once they picked their jaws up on the ground, they estimated the hoard's value—a hoard of "fresh" coins more than 130 years old—to be between \$1 and \$1.5 million!

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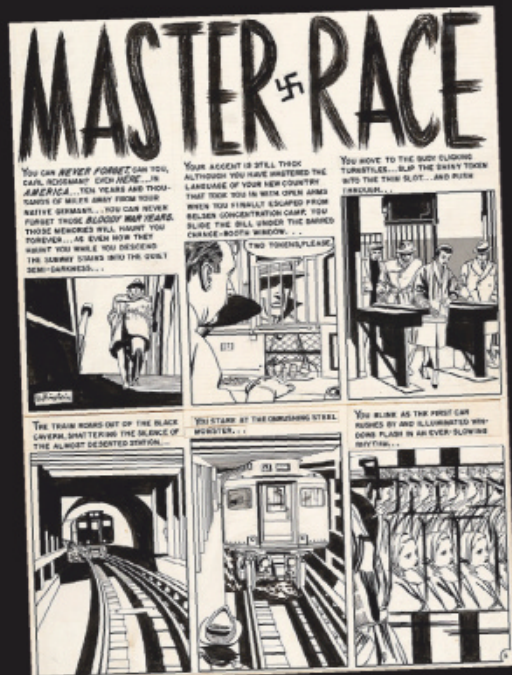
Devilish Details

Closeup of Beasley's repurposed cotton-gin power plant.

An electric cotton gin motor run for decades on a farm outside Selma, Alabama, is spinning in an installation by African-American artist Kevin Beasley at Manhattan's Whitney Museum through March 10, 2019. In Beasley's installation, "A View of a Landscape," the one-ton device, above, operates in a soundproof glass enclosure, with microphones transmitting audio of the motor to another room. By splitting the motor off from its characteristic sound, Beasley renders it both artifact and auditory experience. Cotton, particularly after Eli Whitney invented the gin in 1793, shaped the nation. Powered by humans, animals, and eventually electricity, the gin figured monumentally in the lives of generations of African-Americans. Early gins mechanized the task of clearing cotton of seeds, increasing the fiber's profitability and reviving demand for enslaved workers. After the Civil War, many formerly enslaved people, in bondage by another name, sharecropped cotton that in time was ginned electrically. "This exhibition embodies a continued reconciliation that can extend to the broader public," Beasley, who first saw vestigial cotton plants on land his family owns in Alabama, has written.

Clara Barton's Diary

The Library of Congress is inviting digital visitors to help scholars and readers gain historical insight by transcribing and tagging handwritten, printed, and typed paper documents held in its archives. Opportunities include diaries kept by Clara Barton, below, such as entries made during the Civil War. Visitors to [bit.ly/BartonDiaries] type onto their own screens the contents of the digitized manuscripts displayed; curators check the result for accuracy. Options also include letters written to President Abraham Lincoln and memoirs by disabled Civil War veterans. The result will be preserved for posterity. Among the untranscribed passages is one by Barton dated May 26, 1864, and describing quinine, ammonia, and opium as prescribed for and administered to soldiers.



TOP BID

The Final Solution as Comic

The original artwork for Bernard Krigstein's 1955 comic book masterpiece, "Master Race," brought \$660,000, more than four times the expected price, at Heritage Auctions on November 27, 2018. Assigned by EC comics, the work, left, follows a subway passenger who is experiencing a flashback to the Belsen concentration camp that reveals him to have been the camp's Nazi commandant. Formally trained, painter Krigstein produced eight panels some call the "Citizen Kane" of comic books, an inventive mix of stark closeups and dramatic tableaus showcasing his command of composition, draftsmanship, and storytelling. Krigstein—a Jew from Brooklyn—was among early comics industry innovators, and the original artwork for this comic had never before been available for auction. [bit.ly/KrigsteinComics]



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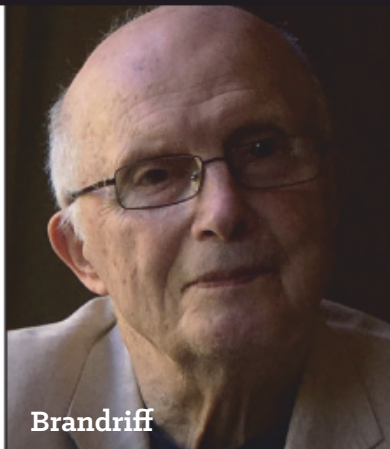


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CONTRIBUTORS



Brandriff



Carlson



Sears



Zahniser

During the 1960s, Connecticut native **Welles Brandriff** (“Washington’s Other Woman,” p. 32) served in Vietnam as a U.S. Air Force officer. He has an MBA and a master’s degree in early childhood education. He managed finances at Yale University, taught high school, and was on Southern Connecticut State University’s adjunct faculty.

Peter Carlson (“Taken,” p. 56) writes the magazine’s *American Schemers* column—see “Foxy Ladies,” this issue. A Long Island-born author, splitter and stacker of firewood, and former *Washington Post* staff writer, he lives in Rockville, Maryland. Most recently he wrote “P.T. Barnum, the Greatest Showman on Earth” (February 2017).

New Jersey-based author and historian **David Sears** (“Camel Corps,” p. 40) writes frequently for HistoryNet publications. His most recent article in these pages was “Cheating Death” (February 2017). The U.S. Naval Institute named him its 2017 Naval History Author of the Year.

J.D. Zahniser (“Secular Saint Scorned,” p. 48), of St. Paul, Minnesota, writes and speaks about women’s history. She is the author, with Amelia Fry, of *Alice Paul: Claiming Power* (Oxford, 2014). She wrote “How Long Must We Wait?” about Paul’s 1917 White House picket (September 2015).

Letters

Man of the Corsair

Lou Lenart (“Yanks in the IDF,” February 2019) is not standing at an S-199 but an American-made F4U, flown in the Pacific during WWII.

Matthew W. Hayner

Ocala, Florida

Nuts to You

John R. Brinkley (“Doctor Feelgood,” December 2018) wasn’t a spotless saint, but he wasn’t a vicious sinner, either. His innovation of implanting “goat glands” in men—the Viagra of its time—was proven unfounded, yes, but some patients did father children, which they credited to him. During WWI, while in the U.S. Army, Brinkley drew high honors for treating influenza patients. In 1930 and 1934, he ran for the Kansas governorship as a “write-in.” He lost to Harry Woodring, who admitted Brinkley would have beaten him had election officials not excluded thousands of ballots on which voters failed to write Brinkley’s name in a certain way. Brinkley’s mistreatment by both mainstream parties shows that elections need careful monitoring and common-sense practicality.

James A. Marples

Longview, Texas



The Right Stuff

Lenart with the Vought he flew in the Pacific theater of World War II.

CORRECTIONS: John MacAdam’s road surfacing technique (“Highway to the Future,” February 2019) improved a Roman method, which fitted cut stones together, by layering crushed rock that traffic compressed into a durable matrix. MacAdam’s method, common in Britain in the early 1800s, first saw use in the United States in 1821 connecting the National Road at Cumberland, Maryland, with Baltimore, Maryland, 136 miles east. . . On page 38 of the October 2018 issue, transcription errors garbled the title of a German war ministry report, *Die Entstehung von Kriegslegenden Feststellungen über die angebliche Heldentat des amerikanischen Sergeanten York am 8.10.18* (“The Origin of War Legends: An investigation of the American Sergeant York’s alleged feat on October 8, 2018”).

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BY RICHARD ERNSBERGER JR.



Missed Chances?

Logevall, above, sees multiple junctures at which relations between the United States and Vietnam could have evolved differently, starting with the conference at Versailles, France, that began work on January 18, 1919, top.

Fredrik Logevall, Laurence D. Belfer professor of international affairs at the Kennedy School and professor of history in Harvard's Faculty of Arts and Sciences, has edited or written nine books. *Embers of War: The Fall of an Empire and the Making of America's Vietnam*, won the 2015 Pulitzer Prize for History. He is writing a biography of John F. Kennedy.

Vietnamese nationalist Ho Chi Minh attended the 1919 peace talks at Versailles. He hoped to meet President Woodrow Wilson, whose policy of political self-determination encouraged Ho and allies to try to get the French out of Indochina. What happened? Ho, 28, perhaps was naïve to think Wilson, who stood center stage at the conference, would see him, but believed he had a chance; he even rented a morning coat for the occasion. His hopes were in vain; he met no world leaders at all. Little did anyone know that Ho would become one of the century's great revolutionaries, more recognizable to

more people than the leaders who snubbed him at Versailles.

During WWII, President Franklin Roosevelt argued that colonialism's day was done, and that France should quit Indochina. What did he see that others didn't? Roosevelt saw that the era of imperialism was ending. He wanted the United States to be on the right side of history. He blamed European colonialism as a factor in both world wars, and thought it stood to keep sparking global conflagrations. He was prepared to give colonial powers time to yield control, but, unlike some historians, I believe FDR went to his grave convinced the imperialist system was bankrupt and decolonization inevitable. Had Roosevelt lived into 1946 or beyond, he might have worked to keep France from reclaiming Indochina and might have succeeded. It's an enduring "What If?"

Ho worked with the U.S. Office of Strategic Services during WWII to oust the Japanese

from Indochina. It's one of the ironies of this story that Ho Chi Minh, who before WWI lived in Boston and New York, had deep admiration for the United States and its institutions. At least until the late 1940s—well into the Vietnamese insurrection against France—he hoped that America would back his cause. OSS officers he met in 1945 liked him and supported him, which naturally encouraged his belief that he could gain American backing for Vietnamese independence.

But President Harry Truman tacitly endorsed returning Indochina to France. At war's end, the United States was preeminent in the world, particularly East Asia. A different tilt by Truman could have altered the path leading to the Franco-Viet Minh War. But hindsight can distort. In late 1945, Truman had bigger fish to fry, especially in Europe. He could not have known that Indochina would become the scene of a major world struggle. It's not entirely surprising that he would ignore Ho's pleas.

Ho, a communist, stressed that he was a nationalist first. Did American officials ever consider embracing him and trying to nudge him to our side? Not really. From early on, mid-level American officials argued for precisely such a stance. This fact matters historically; it allows us to speak of genuine missed opportunities, of unrealized alternatives understood as such *at the time*. But these analysts never won support where it mattered—in the White House.

Did the Domino Theory hold water? The image of rows of dominos collapsing had undeniable drama—and little practical validity. President Dwight Eisenhower articulated the theory at an April 1954 press conference, but as early as the late 1940s American and British officials were musing that if Country A fell, increased communist pressure could topple Countries B, C, and D. Had anyone asked Eisenhower for an example of one nation's fall to communism triggering a sequence of collapses, he would have come up empty; there was none. When China, the world's most populous country, went communist in 1949, no nearby nation did likewise. In time, American planners recognized this. By the early 1960s the Domino Theory no longer was driving policy, even if officials found it advantageous to pretend otherwise for public consumption.

Britain did not share America's fear of communist aggression. What about France? The French very skillfully framed their Indochina struggle as a vital Cold War battle rather than a colonial conflict. Given communist domination of Ho Chi Minh's revolutionary government and its backing after early 1950 by Mao's China, France's claim was plausible enough. Eisenhower and Dulles maintained this outlook, supporting the French effort and after France's 1954 defeat fatefully deciding to build up and sustain South Vietnam's newly created noncommunist regime.

Was that the moment of no return? I wouldn't go that far. I argue in my book, *Choosing War*, that as late as winter 1965 President Lyndon Johnson had an opportunity—understood as such at the time, including by people high in government—to shift to a diplomatic plane and get the United States out of the conflict. Still, there's no doubt that Eisenhower's 1954 decision had fundamental importance. In effect he committed the United States to trying to thwart Ho Chi Minh's revolutionary forces, against whom the French had failed.

Decisions on Vietnam by Truman and Eisenhower boxed in Kennedy and Johnson. Yes—to a degree. Years of their predecessors' talking up the dangers of the Vietnamese revolution, of describing dominoes falling, and of insisting that events in Indochina mattered greatly to American security hobbled both Kennedy and Johnson—including in domestic political terms. But each had flexibility. The context was more fluid than many historical accounts suggest; those presidents could have taken other paths.

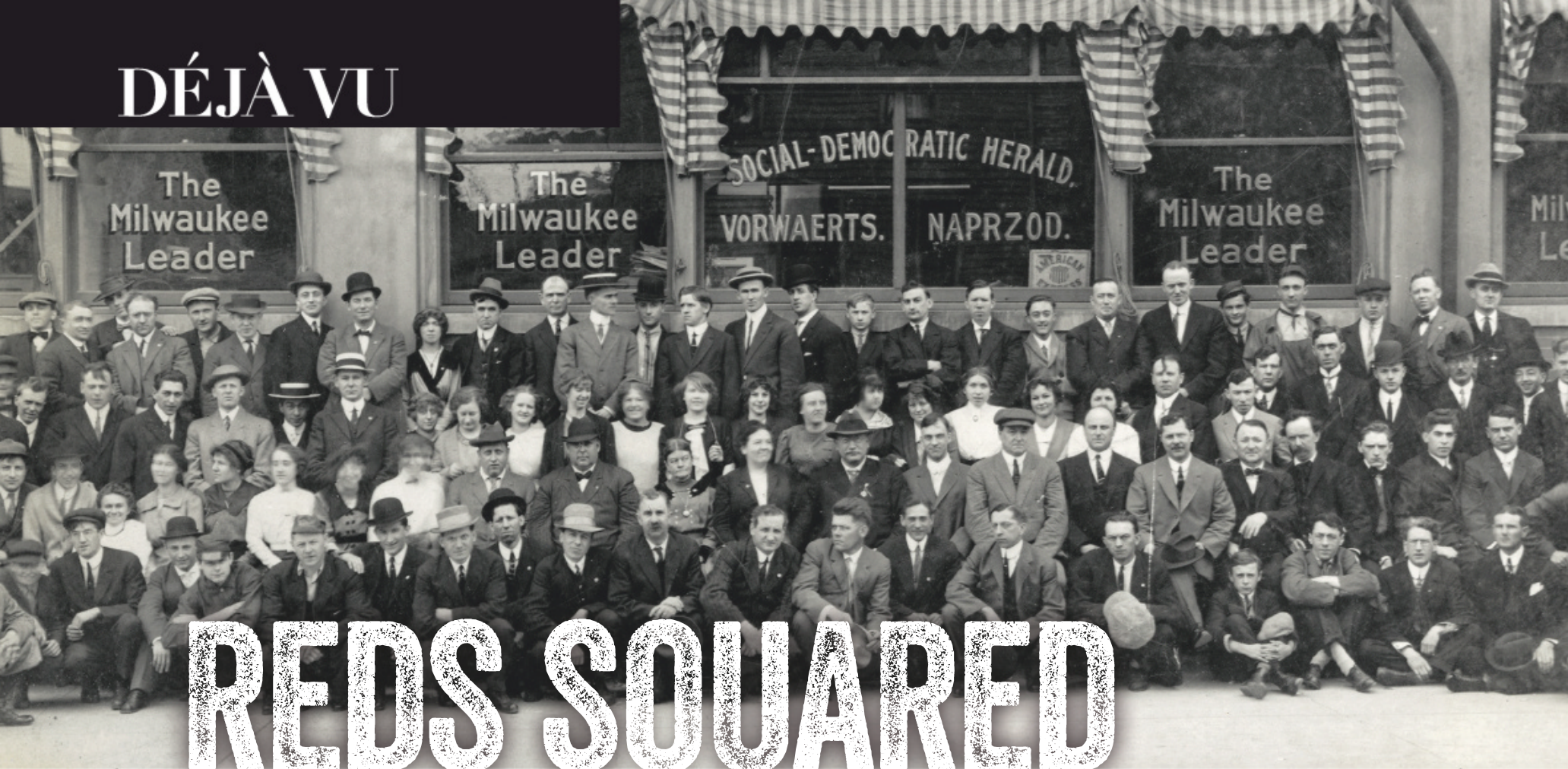
In his novel *The Quiet American*, Graham Greene portrays an American operative in 1950s Indochina as full of good intentions—"innocent" but "ignorant"—whose zeal has a sinister side. That portrait rankled Americans—but is it fair? That characterization is perhaps overdrawn, but does have tremendous power, which is why the novel bears reading and re-reading. I assign it to undergraduates all the time. Long before Vietnam became a large-scale American war, Greene keenly sensed the flow of events, as at the novel's evocative opening, when the narrator sees "lamps burning where they had disembarked the new American planes." ★



HO HOPED AMERICA WOULD BACK HIS CAUSE; OSS OFFICERS LIKED HIM AND SUPPORTED HIM, ENCOURAGING HIS BELIEF THAT HE COULD GAIN AMERICAN BACKING.

Will to Power

In Hanoi on January 1, 1960, President Ho Chi Minh, at top in white, signs a decree that promulgates the Socialist Constitution of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. Behind him from left are Vietnamese Vice Premier Truong Chinh and Premier Pham Van Dong.



REDS SQUARED AWAY

BY RICHARD BROOKHISER

Solidarity In 1911, Berger, 10th from right second row, posed outside his paper's offices.

In 2016 Bernie Sanders, a socialist-leaning Independent, threw a scare into Hillary Clinton on her way to coronation as the Democratic presidential nominee. Hillary prevailed, but the Vermont senator took a clutch of primaries. Two years later, Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, self-described democratic socialist, unseated 10-term House incumbent and Democrat sachem Joe Crowley in the party's primary in Queens, then cruised to an election-day victory.

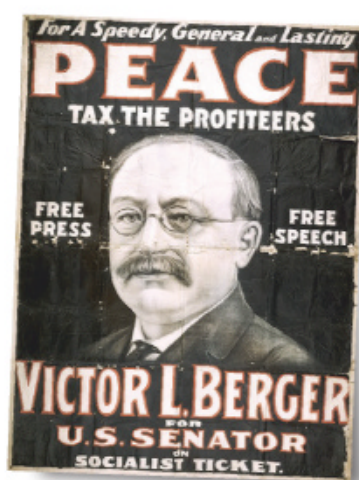
Sanders is an old man, and an old story. Born in September 1941 in Brooklyn, New York, he has held office as a mayor, a congressman, or a U.S. senator almost continuously since 1981. By contrast Ocasio-Cortez, 29, is the youngest woman ever to serve in the House. Before her upset victory, she worked at a hip taqueria in Manhattan, where we knew each other to say hi.

Socialism is the flavor of the moment, a judo response to—or perhaps a parallax image of—Trumpian populism. However, socialists have long been an ingredient in the great stew of American third parties. At the end of the 19th century triumphant industrial capitalism became the target of reformers and radicals from populists and progressives to anarchist assassins. Socialists, the leftmost reformers, sought nothing less than to transform the economic system. They also were the rightmost radicals, willing to work within the political system. In the presidential elections of 1912 and 1920, Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist Party's presidential candidate, scored more than 900,000 votes—impressive, but nothing like successful; Debs tallied zero electoral votes. During the same period two socialists did win House seats. The first, and longest-serving, was Victor Berger.

Berger, born into a German Jewish family in Transylvania in 1860, came to America at the end of the 1870s and found his way to Milwaukee. Wisconsin was a magnet for Germans; at the turn of the century they accounted for ten percent of the population there. Berger taught high school history and German, then switched to journalism—in late 1911 he founded the *Milwaukee Leader*, a daily newspaper—and politics. He flirted with radical factions—populism and Henry George's single-tax theories—then set about building a Milwaukee-based Socialist Party political machine blending ideology and an emphasis on municipal infrastructure.

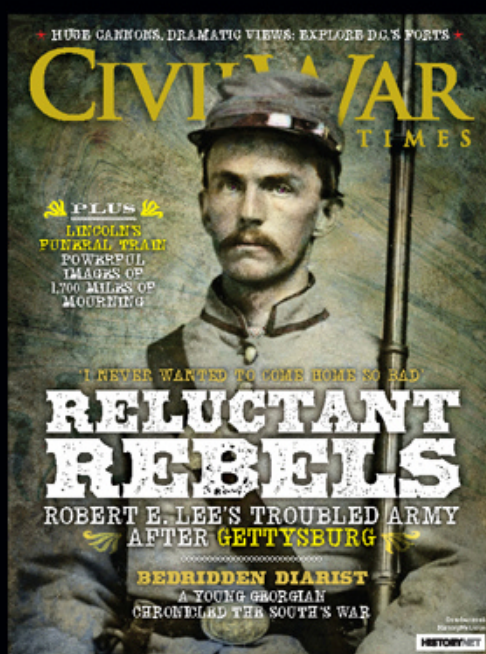
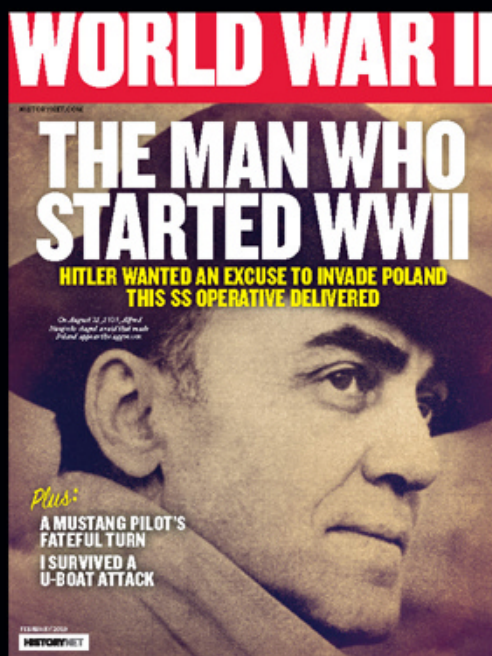
Berger believed, like Karl Marx, that the arc of capitalism bent inexorably toward oppression and class conflict, and that socialism was “the next phase of civilization, if civilization is to survive.” In the socialist phase, the government supposedly would own businesses and banks; farms, Berger thought, should stay in private hands.

He respected the capitalist enemy's acumen. A socialized United States Steel, he wrote, might still be run by its former CEO. “But we would not pay him \$800,000 a year,” he added.



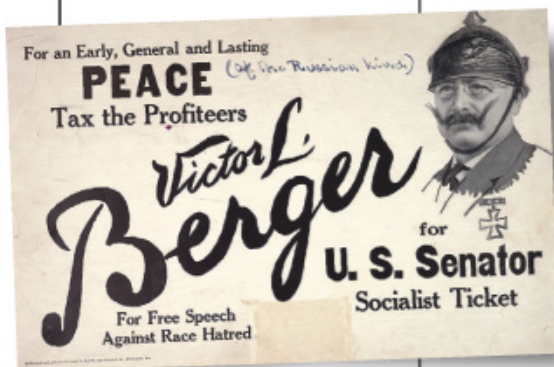
Unbroken In April 1918 the Berger camp put up this poster, 8' high and 6' across.

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Defaced Because Berger favored peace in 1918, vandals wrote “of the Russian kind” after “peace” and gave Berger an Iron Cross, German helmet, and Kaiser-style mustache on this campaign poster.

IN A 1919 SPECIAL ELECTION, BERGER WON HANDILY; VOTERS DID NOT LIKE SEEING HIM PUSHED AROUND.

Berger parted from Marx in thinking that socialism could arrive peaceably, via democratic elections. The American reality of a widely dispersed franchise made a profound impression on him. John D. Rockefeller cast the same number of votes—one—as any of his employees. “This is the first instance in the history of the world that the oppressed class has virtually the same political basis as the ruling class,” Berger wrote. “It is foolish to

expect results from riots and dynamite, from murderous attacks and conspiracies, in a country where we have the ballot.” In 1910, as if in fulfillment of his hopes, a slate of Milwaukee socialists won local office on a platform of municipal ownership of utilities. The same year, Wisconsin’s Milwaukee-centered Fifth District sent Berger to the U.S. House of Representatives.

Berger’s first stint in Congress lasted only one term before world events changed the domestic political landscape. When Europe went to war in 1914, socialists wanted America to stay neutral—a stance rooted in the fact that, like Berger, many were culturally German. That affinity and their antiwar attitude made them pariahs in 1917, when America joined the fight on the side of the Allied Powers. The U.S. Post Office refused to deliver copies of the *Leader*, calling Berger’s paper disloyal. The December 1917 Bolshevik takeover of the Russian Revolution offered a nightmare image of socialism. The Bolsheviks appalled Berger—he called communist Russia “a super state supported by terrorism”—but during the 1919-20 Red Scare suspicion transmogrified anyone on the left into a murderous demagogue.

Undaunted, Berger toiled on. In 1918 he won a second congressional race. Now his troubles began. In December 1918, the U.S. Justice Department tried Berger and four other socialists in Chicago before elaborately named Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis for conspiracy to hinder the war effort. Convicted, the five drew 20 years in prison. In May 1919, free on appeal, Berger appeared in the House to be sworn in. The House refused, asserting that he had given aid and comfort to the enemy, a violation of Section 3 of the 14th Amendment, designed to keep former Confederates from holding office. Only one member voted to admit the socialist. Wisconsin called a special election in

December 1919 to fill Berger’s seat. He won handily; Fifth District voters did not like to see him being pushed around. Again, the House voted to keep him out; this time all of six congressmen spoke in his favor. “I do not share the views of Mr. Berger,” explained one, “but I am willing to meet his views in argument before the people rather than to say that we should deny him to opportunity to be heard.”

The next election, 1920, was the Harding landslide—bad news for any candidate lacking an R after his name. However, in 1922 Berger’s district voted him in once more, by which time the U.S. Supreme Court, on a technicality, had overturned those five convictions. A less feverish House calmly accepted Berger into the ranks. He served until 1928. He died the year after he left Congress, run over by a trolley on the streets of the city he loved.

Berger showed he could win elections, and his legal travails and vindication made a stirring story. Did he bring America nearer the “next phase of civilization”? Socialists to Berger’s left decried his moderation, branding it “slowcialism” or, mocking his focus on urban mechanics, “sewer socialism.” The academic Roderick Nash argued that Berger was too successful for his own good, proving only that socialism in America succeeded when it was “susceptible to absorption and dilution in the American ethos.” The mainstream has adopted Socialist Party platform plans piecemeal: public utilities, a graduated income tax, federal health insurance in the form of Obamacare. Public ownership of banks and transportation remain a way off, though the TARP bailout and Amtrak could be seen as steps in those directions.

The nation’s first 80 years saw major parties come and go—Federalists and Whigs, for instance, plus dramatic flare-ups like the Anti-Masons and the Know-Nothings—before the Civil War baptized the two-party system of Democrats and Republicans in blood. Subsequent political storms have beaten in vain against that plinth. New parties’ function for 150 years has been to bring to national notice issues like Prohibition and programs like populism or socialism to be absorbed and if necessary, discarded by donkeys and elephants. Hence Bernie Sanders, though mostly maintaining his label as an Independent, caucusing in Congress with the Democrats and running in 2016 in Democratic primaries, and Ocasio-Cortez making her maiden run as a Democrat. ★

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FOXY LADIES

BY PETER CARLSON



Sisters in Scam

When Maggie and Kate Fox, top, hoaxed their folks they set in motion a nationwide fad for contacting the dead that included bogus “spirit photographs,” above, purporting to show visitors from the great beyond.

Since the birth of this great republic, millions of bored teenagers have concocted clever schemes to torment their parents, but only one teenager’s scheme became a quasi-religious movement attracting millions of followers. That teenager was Maggie Fox. The movement she spawned was spiritualism.

She did it with her toes.

In 1848, Maggie Fox was 14 and grumpy. Her family had moved from bustling Rochester, N.Y., which she loved, to a farmhouse 31 miles away in the tiny hamlet of Hydesville, which was, like, *soooooo boring*.

One night, to amuse themselves, Maggie and her sister Kate, 11, tied apples to strings and bounced them down the stairs, sending their mother searching for the source of the noise. That was fun, so the girls added another trick—making loud rapping noises by moving their toe joints. That, too, set Mother Fox on a fruitless midnight search.

On March 31—April Fool’s eve—Maggie and Kate cracked their toes loud enough to wake both parents. Feigning fright, the girls blamed the noise on a ghost. Maggie clapped four

times and asked the “spirit” to reply. Four raps followed as Kate cracked her toes.

“Is it a spirit?” Mrs. Fox asked the darkness. “If it is, make two raps.”

Rap. Rap.

Flummoxed, the Foxes summoned neighbors, who also fell for the toe-crack trick. Soon, hundreds were flocking to the Fox farmhouse. A rumor spread that the place was haunted by the ghost of a murdered peddler. Bent on finding the peddler’s bones, neighbors dug up the cellar floor. Maggie and Kate soon tired of their ruse but kept mum. “We could not confess,” Maggie wrote decades later, “without exciting very great anger on the part of those we had deceived.”

Word spread further. Newspapers ran stories. The local church expelled the Fox family for blasphemy and witchcraft. To escape the ruckus, Maggie and Kate moved back to Rochester to live with their sister. Leah Fox Fish, 35, had married at 14. Her husband had deserted her and she was supporting herself and her daughter by teaching piano. When Maggie and Kate came clean about their toe shenanigans,

Leah had an idea: *They could make money faking a supernatural ability to communicate with the dead.*

The sisters began staging séances, admission \$1. After a prayer and a hymn, Leah summoned the spirits, customers asked questions, and Maggie and Kate answered by cracking their toes. Doubters scoffed but many left believing they'd communicated with departed kinfolk.

Business boomed. It was an era of spiritual experimentation. The Second Great Awakening had spawned new religions—Mormonism and Adventism, to name two—while idealists preached Transcendentalism or founded utopian communities based on primitive communism or free love or both. The newly invented telegraph had shown it was possible to send and receive information across vast distances, so maybe folks could communicate with the dead. The Fox sisters touted their séances as a “spiritual telegraph.”

In 1850, Leah booked the trio into Rochester's largest meeting hall. At one sold-out show, skeptics rioted, heckling and throwing firecrackers. The uproar terrified the girls but the publicity made them famous. In New York City, their act attracted prominent intellectuals—journalist Horace Greeley, historian George Bancroft, novelist James Fenimore Cooper. At one séance, the girls summoned the spirit of Benjamin Franklin, who dutifully endorsed spiritualism. At another, the spirit of John C. Calhoun was asked if he favored abolishing slavery, and—*shock!*—he said yes.

Countless newspaper stories about the Foxes helped make spiritualism a nationwide craze. “It has spread like wild-fire over this Continent,” *The New York Times* reported, “so that there is scarcely a village without its mediums and its miracles.” New mediums introduced new tricks. One bowed a fiddle. Another played the piano without touching the keys. Others transcribed messages from the Great Beyond. Prominent Quaker abolitionist Isaac Post, a Fox family friend, published a book of communiqués ostensibly dictated by Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and other dead heroes.

The Civil War, which killed more than 700,000 Americans, generated massive interest in summoning the dead. Mary Todd Lincoln, believing she could communicate with her deceased son Willie, held séances in the White House. Her husband was skeptical but also tolerant of anything that might assuage his wife's grief.

The Fox sisters ran their séance game for decades. Meanwhile, Leah married a wealthy insurance executive. Kate traveled to England, wed a barrister, and, after his death, returned to New York. Maggie fell for Elisha Kent Kane, a famous Arctic explorer. Kane, who scorned spiritualism, urged his sweetheart to “quit this dreary life” of scam séances. His snooty Philadelphia family despised Maggie's low trade, so the couple married in secret. He soon died in Cuba.

Heartbroken by genuine loss and tormented by guilt over their

mendacious money-making, Maggie and Kate took to drink. Friends arranged for them to dry out at a New York hospital but the sisters kept relapsing. Kate was arrested for public drunkenness. Maggie was found staggering soused through Manhattan during a snowstorm, searching for her dead husband.

Suddenly, in 1888, Maggie and Kate renounced the specialty that had made them famous. “Spiritualism is a fraud,” Maggie told the *New York World*. “It is a branch of legerdemain.” Kate called spiritualism “one of the very greatest curses the world has ever known.” Leah, rich and retired, remained silent. Before a packed crowd at the New York Academy of Music, Maggie removed her shoes and cracked her toes, demonstrating how she and Kate had made their supposedly supernatural sounds. “When I began this deception, I was too young to know right from wrong,” Maggie said. “I hope God Almighty will forgive me and those who are silly enough to believe in spiritualism.”

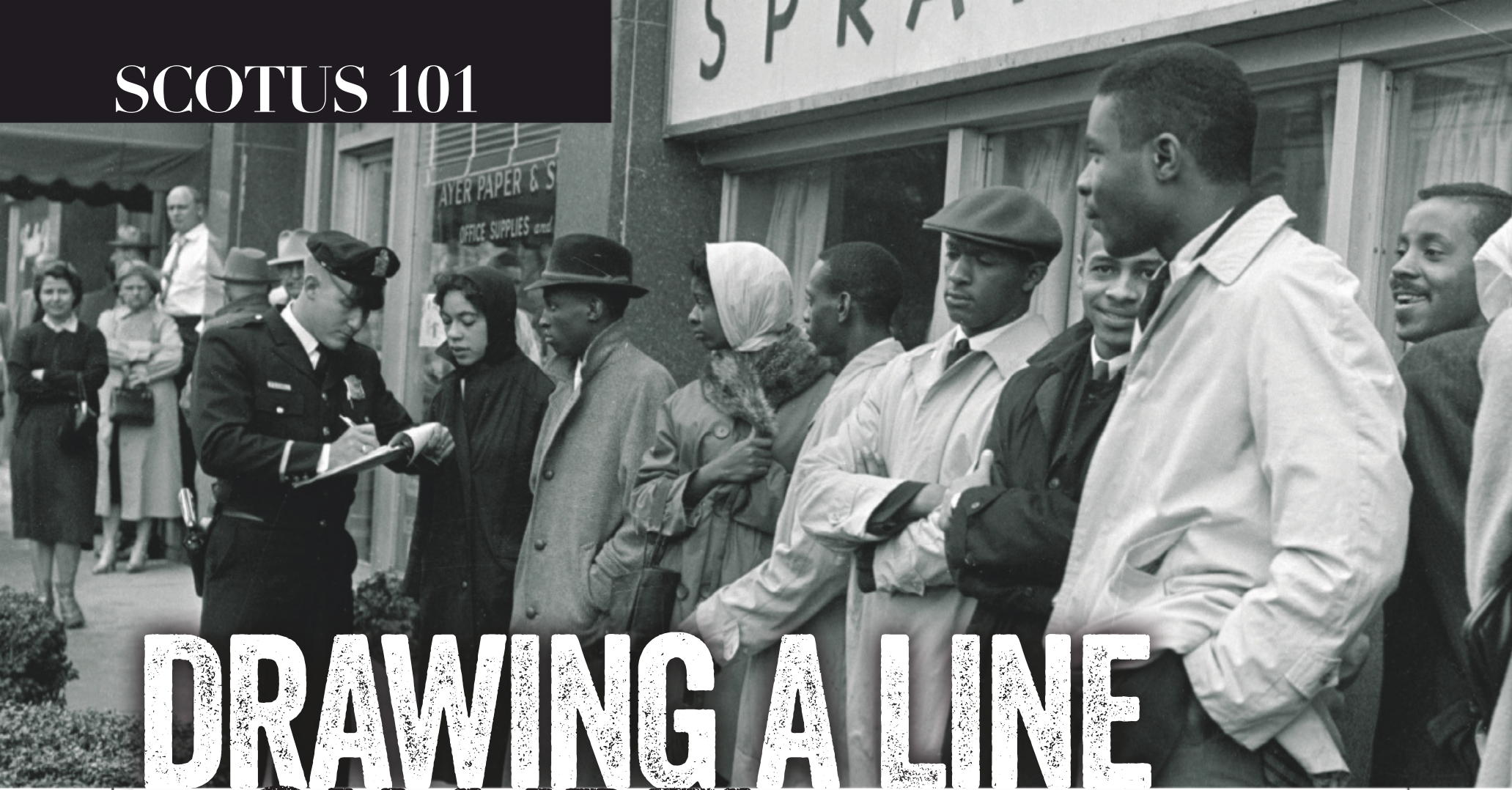
Leaving the spiritualist movement reeling, Maggie hit the lecture circuit. “I'll make more money by showing people how the raps are made than I did telling lies to them,” she bragged. She had that wrong. Few people would pay to hear her confess again.

A year later, destitute and drinking, Maggie and Kate recanted their recantation. Newspapers responded with mockery but the sisters went back to staging séances, sometimes while blotto. Soon, the two drank themselves to death—Kate in 1892, Maggie six months later.

During Maggie's brief stint as an anti-Spiritualist crusader, she published a book called *Death-Blow to Spiritualism*. But spiritualism never died. The phenomenon lives on in multiple forms, from the utterly respectable National Spiritualist Association of Churches to countless freelance mediums and New Age channelers like “Mystical Man” Robert Shapiro, who interviews penguins and redwoods about their alien origins and claims to be able to “communicate with any personality anywhere and *anywhen*.” Spiritualism, created by the Fox sisters in 1848, will no doubt survive as long as human beings yearn to communicate with the dearly departed. ★



Mom Heard Dead People
Willie Lincoln died at 12 of typhus. His mother said séances put him in touch.



DRAWING A LINE ON LIBEL

BY DANIEL B. MOSKOWITZ

**NEW YORK
TIMES CO. V.
SULLIVAN
376 U.S. 254
(1964)**
**"RECKLESS
DISREGARD"
LIBEL STANDARD**

Take It to the Limit

Student activism—above, a policeman takes protesters' names at a March 15, 1960, sit-in at an Atlanta, Georgia, lunch counter—led to an ad, opposite, that Southern pols called libelous and the Court called protected speech.

Laypersons tend to view Supreme Court decisions in terms of winners and losers. However, the justices often find the most contentious aspects of a case to involve explaining the reasons for favoring the victor and devising a formula that will tell lower court judges how to handle similar cases. No case illustrates this better than *New York Times v. Sullivan*, the 1964 decision that, the *Times* editorialized on its 50th anniversary, "instantly changed libel law in the United States and still represents the clearest and most forceful defense of press freedom in American history."

Sullivan arose over two principles in conflict: the right of the press to publish without government interference and the right of individuals to use the government—that is, the courts—to obtain recompense when defamed.

It was obvious from the moment that the justices agreed to review an Alabama Supreme Court decision ordering that the *Times* pay an astonishing libel judgment of \$500,000 that the High Court was going to give the publication some relief. The question was how broad that relief was going to be.

The politicians who brought the case claimed to have been libeled not in a news

story or an opinion piece, but by a paid advertisement run in the paper on March 29, 1960. The full-page ad lauded the nonviolent civil rights demonstrations "Negro" students, in the ad's language, were staging around the South. The copy in the ad decried the "unprecedented wave of terror" meeting those demonstrators, and solicited donations to support the students, assist in aiding blacks to vote, and provide legal help to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. The ad was signed by 20 Southern clergymen and 80 celebrities ranging from Eleanor Roosevelt to Jackie Robinson and including such show business luminaries as Frank Sinatra, Nat King Cole, and Shelley Winters.

One paragraph of the ad copy focused on actions against protesting students in Montgomery, Alabama. The ad named no individual official. However, L.B. Sullivan, the Montgomery city commissioner who oversaw the municipality's police department, claimed that the mention unfairly cast aspersions on his job performance. Sullivan sued the *Times* and local ministers who had signed the ad. Alabama Governor John Patterson and other elected officials later joined Sullivan's action.

The ad did contain misstatements, bolstering

the plaintiffs' case. For example, the ad said protesting students had gathered at the Alabama statehouse and sung "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" when in fact they had sung the National Anthem. The ad claimed that Dr. King had been arrested seven times on such minor charges as loitering; in fact, police had arrested him four times. The errors' substance stopped mattering when the trial judge ruled that the standard "libelous per se" would apply—that is, that any factual errors, no matter how trivial, are presumed to harm a subject's reputation. In setting damages jurors could assume plaintiffs had been injured, without requiring proof.

The justices had not heard a libel case in 20 years, but they knew this judgment could not stand. After the Alabama high court OK'ed the \$500,000 judgment against the *Times*, so many Southern politicians sued the press for libel that state courts had \$300 million in claims pending. "These kinds of cases provide a method to put newspapers out of business," Hugo Black said as he and colleagues privately discussed the case.

Yet justices hesitated simply to say the trial judge was wrong to call the contested ad libelous per se. States make the rules for libel litigation, and in Alabama that harsh standard was the rule. The justices were not about to impose an overall national standard on run-of-the-mill libel suits.

Those who sat through oral arguments in the case expected the justices to dispose of the case by the easiest means. That would have been to limit their opinion to this particular dispute, holding that no jury reasonably could conclude that the ad's authors had aimed their statements on police actions directly at the officials claiming to have been libeled.

But afterwards, conferring privately on the case, the justices saw the need for a broader ruling. Justice John Harlan cut to the core. "This case presents a classic illustration of how the First Amendment's protection of the public interest in discussion must be accommodated against private rights—including the private right not to be defamed," Harlan said. "We must lay down new constitutional rules for state libel laws."

The justices felt that, rather than send the case back to lower courts to be tried under any new standard, the court had to apply those new rules to the *Times* case. All thought returning the case to Alabama would be disastrous. Jurors there were likely to be hostile to the *Times* and disinclined to parse any instructions' legal niceties, especially since the original judge consistently had ruled against antisegregation efforts and in his courtroom made blacks and whites sit separately.

The solution for balancing the rights of the press—and the public's need to be informed about government's workings—against the rights of those claiming to have been libeled first was enunciated in the justices' conference by Justice Tom Clark. "I would separate private libels from those on groups or in public affairs or government," Clark said. "In private libels, I would allow a less onerous burden of proof." That was not a radical idea. Courts in 16 states had narrowed public officials' right to bring libel cases even when stories about them were false, as long as those publishing the stories had a reasonable belief that the articles' contents were true and had acted without malice.

The justices had no trouble embracing a two-tier approach, but did struggle over criteria for lower courts to apply in assessing public officials' claims of libel. Clark suggested that the writing under challenge had to relate directly to the official claiming injury, not merely to a policy that that official was pursuing. Chief Justice Earl Warren wanted the standard to be whether the contested article in its totality amounted to "fair comment" on a topic of public interest. Justice

Harlan wanted a very high bar for any plaintiff; namely, to present "clear, convincing, and unequivocal" evidence—the standard in denaturalization cases involving efforts to revoke the citizenship of an immigrant who had been granted it. Justice William Brennan suggested plaintiffs should have to prove "actual malice."

Brennan was assigned to write the opinion for the court. Seeking a middle ground among his brethren's divergent views, he wrote six drafts before producing an opinion that most would accept—that to win a libel case, a public official had to prove either that the publisher had made the false statements knowing them to be untrue or had done so with a reckless disregard for gauging their accuracy. The ruling was a green light for the press to report aggressively on any public figure, since the Court in 1967 extended the *Times* standard to such persons.

However, while agreeing on the need to void the judgment against the *Times* Justices Black, William O. Douglas, and Arthur Goldberg wanted a more absolutist rule. They read the Constitution as barring any libel action by a public official—against the press or citizens—because even the threat of such action could inhibit the robust debate vital to democracy. ★





AMERICAN BONAPARTE

BY SARAH RICHARDSON

H.L. Mencken called it “the Bonaparte smile”—not a grin, but a display of disquieting confidence by fellow Baltimorean Charles Joseph Bonaparte, foe of cronyism and bias in government. “The Republicans hate him as fervently as do the Democrats, for his favors have been impartially distributed and his fatal smile has beamed upon all,” Mencken wrote. Bonaparte was a grandson of Jérôme Bonaparte, Napoleon’s younger brother. Grandmother Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, a Paterson, New Jersey, beauty, won Jérôme’s heart as the 19-year-old Frenchman was visiting Baltimore in 1803. The best-known Napoleon was a genius at reforming French law, making it more workable and intelligent. His great-nephew’s focus was curbing an American political spoils system that focused power and privilege in the plutarchy. Charles fought the power first in Baltimore and later as attorney general under President Theodore Roosevelt. He founded the nation’s first public detective bureau, later dubbed the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He championed the exercise of federal power, including the power to protect African-Americans’ civil rights, trampled underfoot following the 1896 Supreme Court decision on segregation, *Plessy v. Ferguson*.

Bonaparte could afford to fight. Grandmother Elizabeth, daughter of a wealthy Baltimore merchant, fell for Jérôme Bonaparte and vice versa. The couple wed in Baltimore on Christmas Eve against the French emperor’s wishes, later sailing to France to see him. After Napoleon barred the couple from landing, Jérôme’s commitment to Elizabeth dissolved. She delivered son Jérôme Jr. on July 5, 1805, in London, then

returned to Baltimore. Unusual for the day, Elizabeth controlled her own money, circulated to and from Europe at least eight times, and ranked her own ambition with Napoleon’s and Alexander the Great’s. When Napoleon tried to strip her of the Bonaparte name, she replied, “Madame Bonaparte is ambitious and demands her rights as a member of the imperial family.” She tried and failed to raise Jérôme Jr. like a prince; he married a strong-willed New Englander, Susan May Williams. The second of their two sons was Charles Joseph.

A great reader and rider, Charles studied at Harvard, finishing his law degree at 24 in 1874. He worked in Baltimore. Land left him by his father allowed him the wealth and independence to marry Ellen Channing Day, daughter of a wealthy lawyer. Grandmother Elizabeth left him \$750,000.

Bonaparte dealt in real estate and represented poor and African-American plaintiffs. He began his career as a reformer by exposing local election fraud. In 1881 he helped start the Civil Service Reform Association of Maryland

Puckishly Rendered

In 1908 Puck kids Washington's farewell to his officers by showing Roosevelt's departing cabinet; Bonaparte, middle right rear, wears his ancestor's hat.

"so many persons who ought to and in 1885 be and often have been in prison are, not only out of prison, but actively, if not conspicuously, engaged in the government of the country." The remedy: "To improve our courts and prisons, we must first of all change the men who establish and control them and purify the customs and traditions which put these men where they are; in short, to reform our administration of justice, we must first and thoroughly reform our politics."

Quick-witted, Bonaparte was known as an orator. By 1895, his efforts had resulted in state laws on ballot integrity, civil service, and sleaze. "The battles of the latter-day Bonaparte have been against the windmills of corruption and breach of public trust," Mencken wrote. "Were he president of the United States, the penitentiary walls would bulge." He earned the nicknames "Charlie the Crook Chaser," and "goo-goo," a tag for advocates of good government.

Bonaparte sought no spotlight, but Roosevelt, an acquaintance since Harvard and kindred progressive, shoved him into the glare. As president, Roosevelt hired Bonaparte to root out fraud in the Indian Territory and the Post Office, in 1905 named him secretary of the navy, and moved him in 1906 to attorney general. Bonaparte began what became successful suits against American Tobacco, Standard Oil, and other corporations for monopoly activity. He likened trusts to swine. "They crowd their smaller and weaker fellows from the feeding trough so that these don't get their fair share of our national prosperity," he said. "The problem is how to so fence off the great beasts as to give the little ones a show..."

Paucity of resources—he had to borrow Secret Service agents for probes, a legal overreach—vexed him. In 1908 he and TR schemed a new agency. He hired 34 agents, declaring the Bureau of Investigations would pursue only interstate commerce and anti-trust cases. In 1935 it became the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

As U.S. attorney general, Bonaparte maintained his interest in civil rights, campaigning against disenfranchisement of black voters in Maryland, where blacks made up about 18 percent of the population. Maryland state constitutional amendments proposed in 1905 and 1908, which included conditions involving testing and duration of residency, would have kept many blacks from voting. However, thanks to Bonaparte's vigorous opposition, the amendments failed.

Of 50 cases Charles Bonaparte argued before the U.S. Supreme Court, a lynching stands out. Authorities in Chattanooga, Tennessee, charged, convicted, and sentenced to death Ed Johnson, a poor black man, alleging he raped a white woman in 1906. Johnson's defense argued that

and in 1885 the Baltimore Reform League. Fearing "kakistocracy"—government by the least qualified—he called crony politics "an asylum for political bums." He saw the bar to reform as the fact that

Tennessee had deprived the accused of a fair trial. Presenting a host of objections, black attorneys aiding the appeal at great personal risk got U.S. Supreme Court Justice John Marshall Harlan to stay Johnson's execution. Chattanooga Sheriff and former Confederate Army officer Joseph Shipp, ignored the stay, sent away all but one of seven guards at his jail, and emptied all cells on Johnson's floor but his. A mob stormed the jail and hanged Johnson from the bridge connecting the segregated city's black and white sections. Rioters pumped 50 shots into the dying man's body.

Two federal agents interviewed witnesses in Chattanooga and charged Shipp and several rioters with criminal contempt. Before the Supreme Court in Washington, DC, on March 2, 1909, Bonaparte, in a six-hour closing argument, detailed the weakness of evidence against Johnson and strong evidence implicating Shipp and others in Johnson's murder.

"Only recently have lynchings become so numerous that the whole country was aroused to earnest discussion of mob violence and a remedy for it," Bonaparte said. "It is indeed useless to seek relief unless the judiciary can punish those who snatch and kill the men it has imprisoned... If the life of one whom the law has taken into its custom is at the mercy of a mob, the administration of justice becomes a mockery."

In the only instance in which the U.S. Supreme Court has asserted jurisdiction in a criminal case, the court voted 5-3 to convict six defendants of criminal contempt, with Justice William Moody recusing himself. Shipp, sentenced to 90 days in jail, was feted with a parade and a monument in Chattanooga. The others also drew brief

sentences. Still, the federal judiciary had taken a stand, puncturing the shield of states' rights and upholding the rights and protections enumerated in the Bill of Rights and the 14th Amendment right to due process. The ruling, coupled with the 1909 arrival of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, began a decades-long fight against mob justice. Bonaparte's marathon argument bespoke the tenacity Mencken was hailing when he wrote that taking on Bonaparte "would be like attempting to stop a dynamo with a walking stick." ★



Wry Guy

Posing with wife Ellen, Bonaparte wears a version of his grin.



Stahl House (Case Study House 22), 1960.



AMERICAN
History

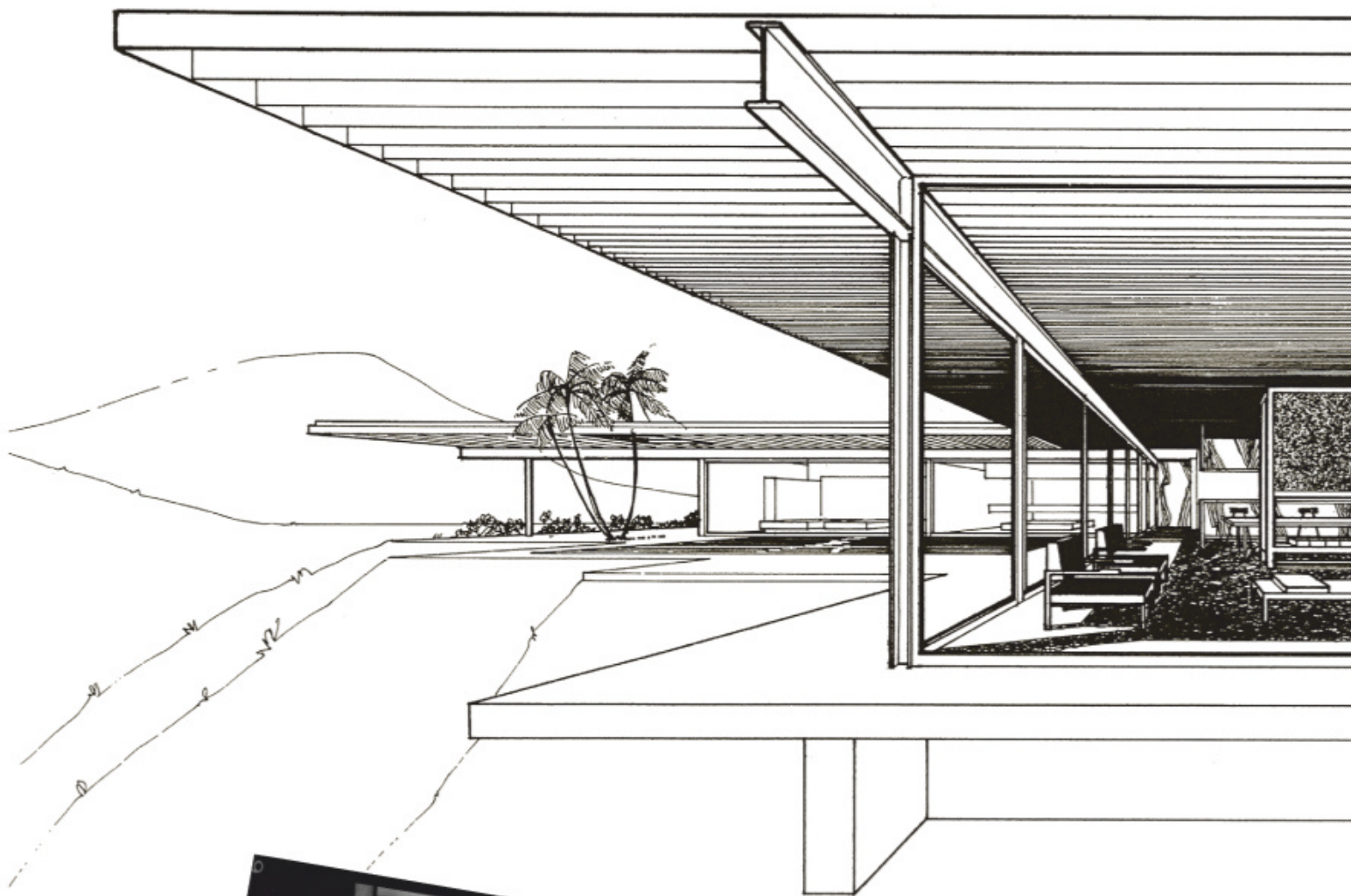
STYLE

We look at architect Pierre Koenig's work, check in at San Francisco's Palace Hotel, and board Airstream's latest luxury whip.

STYLE

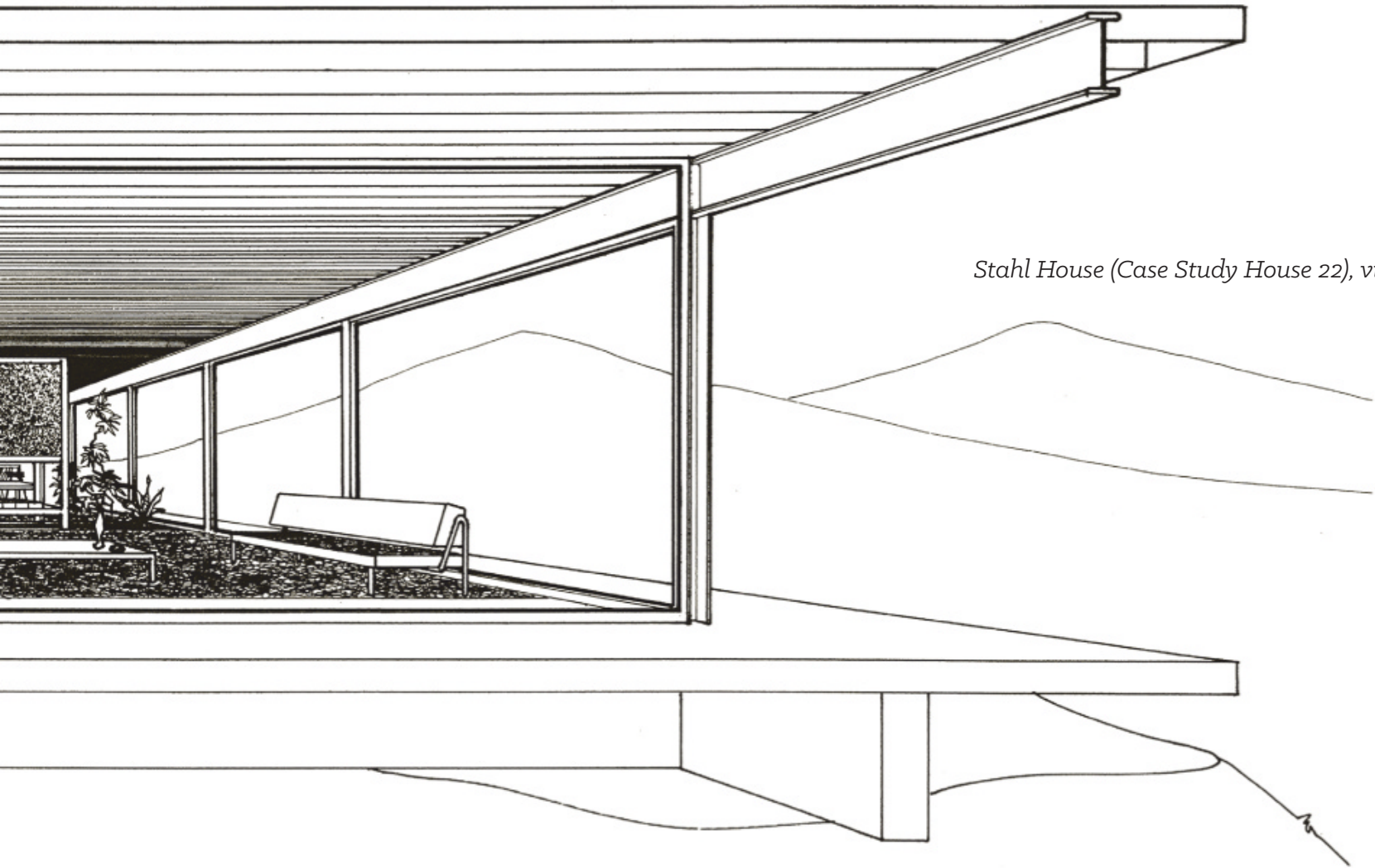
Mid-Century Modernist

American architect Pierre Francis Koenig (1925 – 2004) was best known for Case Study House #22—the Stahl House—seen by many as the essence of postwar Los Angeles home design. Overlooking the city from a hilly lot once deemed unbuildable, the house featured steel and concrete fabrication, embodying a look that has become a staple of cinematic *mise-en-scène*. With Joseph Eichler, John Lautner, Richard Neutra, and R. M. Schindler and other contemporaries, Koenig helped define 1950s modern architecture by fitting sleek, angular, industrial-looking residences into the American landscape. *Pierre Koenig—A View from the Archive*, by Neil Jackson, follows the San Francisco-born Koenig from his service during World War II through designing and building Case Study Houses 21 and 22 and his career at the University of Southern California, where he taught until his death at 78. In 2013, the Stahl House was listed on the National Register of Historic Places.



Pierre Koenig—A View from the Archive, Getty Research Institute; \$55
rizzolibookstore.com

Pierre Koenig, architect and general contractor, at Bailey House (Case Study House 21) circa 1968.



Stahl House (Case Study House 22), view from south, 1959.

Koenig's Oberman House with Catalina Island in the distance, 1962. Los Angeles, Getty Research Institute.



PHOTO BY LELAND Y. LEE. COURTESY THE LELAND Y. LEE ESTATE; DRAWING COURTESY: GETTY RESEARCH INSTITUTE. LOS ANGELES (2006.M.30). © J. PAUL GETTY TRUST

STYLE

TRAVEL

The Royal Treatment

On October 2, 1875, the 750-room Palace opened as the world's largest hotel. Burned in the 1906 San Francisco earthquake, it reopened on December 15, 1909. The Palace's landmark-designated pièce de résistance, the Garden Court, features original chandeliers of Austrian crystal and a dramatic stained glass ceiling. Marriott International operates the four-diamond hotel as part of its Luxury Collection, sfpalace.com.



PHOTOS ©COURTESY PALACE HOTEL





DESIGN

Get Your Motor Running

Known since the 1930s for luxury liners on wheels, Airstream teamed with Mercedes-Benz on the amenity-packed Interstate EXT Slate Edition. Housed in a Mercedes 3500 Sprinter van powered by a 188-hp turbodiesel V6, the Slate Edition offers seating for nine and two-tone cabinets, Ultraleather® upholstery, diamond-stitched seating, woven flooring, and Corian® counters. airstream.com.

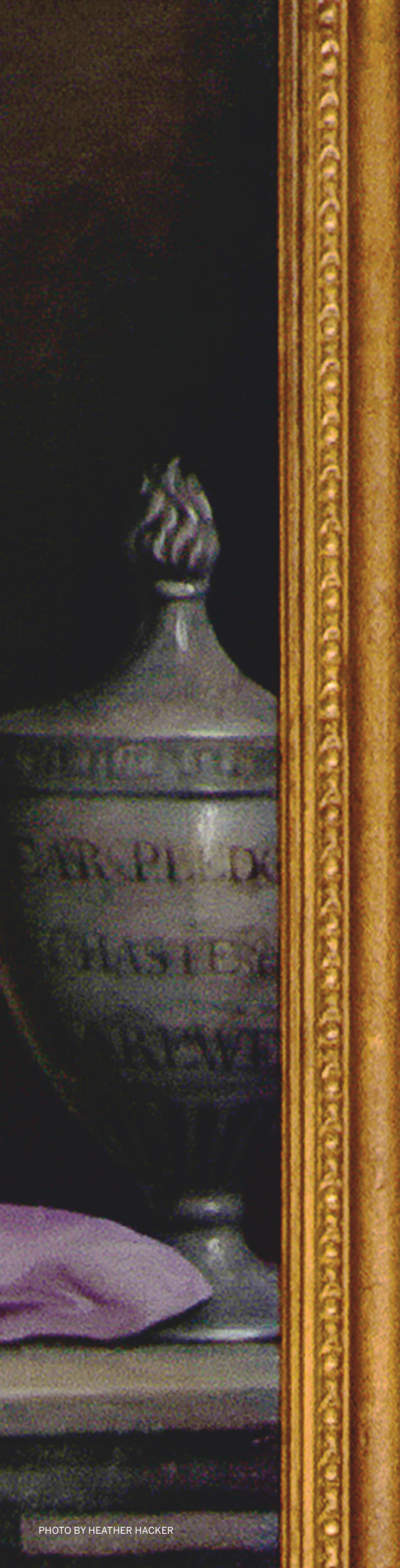




Philadelphia Story
Powel in her prime.
The painting hangs in
her former home.

Washington's Other Woman

Intellect, experience, and social connections put
Eliza Powel at the center of American politics
By Welles Brandriff



E

lizabeth Willing Powel was an 18th-century Philadelphia socialite, a fixture in her hometown's most influential circles, and a proto-feminist who delighted in her intellect, broad range of interests,

and social rank. Powel came from a Quaker background that traced to great-grandfather Edward Shippen's first marriage, to a woman who belonged to the Society of Friends. A portrait shows a buxom woman round of face, high of forehead, and receding of chin, solemn to the point of sadness but also resolute. Eliza Powel had a first-class mind, and, unusual among women of her class and era, a serious interest in and engagement with the details and nuances of politics and statecraft.

Eliza Powel and George Washington met in Philadelphia amid historic events in 1774. She was 31. He was 42 and, like her father, Charles Willing, a delegate to the First Continental Congress convening that autumn, bringing delegates from the restive colonies. Washington, who had left the British army to grow tobacco and wheat, was participating as one of Virginia's representatives. Diligently pursuing useful contacts, the former soldier made friends with prominent Philadelphians, including the very social Mayor Samuel Powel and wife Eliza. Invitations to parties at the couple's Third Street home had high status; during his four-month stay as a congressional delegate, the Virginian became a frequent guest of the Powels.

That first encounter led to a friendship between George and Eliza that deepened, evolved, and endured through the Revolution, his presidency, and well into his retirement. She idolized him, and he looked upon her as a confidant and a sounding board. Eliza Powel's influence on the first president approaches Abigail Adams's on the second—her husband, John. Abigail Adams, however, is a household name, whereas outside her home town and historians' circles Eliza Powel is little known.

George Washington was no Don Juan, but he had his flirtatious side, much on display with Sally Fairfax, two years his senior and a friend since their adolescence. Sally was wed to Washington's friend George William Fairfax.

Memento

Another holding of the Powel House Museum is a locket containing a miniature of Eliza.



George Fairfax's older cousin, Lord Thomas Fairfax, owned more than 8,000 square miles of Virginia and was one of the colony's power figures. To go with beauty and sparkling personality, Sally Fairfax was bright, multilingual, and—catnip to the bibliophile Washington—well-read. The two began a vivid mutual flirtation, with a smitten Washington pushing by letter for greater, albeit unspecified intimacy—in historian Ron Chernow's words in his 2010 biography *Washington: A Life*, “playing with fire in seeking a private correspondence with a married woman.” The object of those affections kept her would-be suitor at arm's length, however, and in time the connection cooled into mature friendship, with George welcomed at Belvoir, Lord Fairfax's manor, and Sally a guest at Mount Vernon, by now home to George and Martha Custis Washington, who married in 1759.

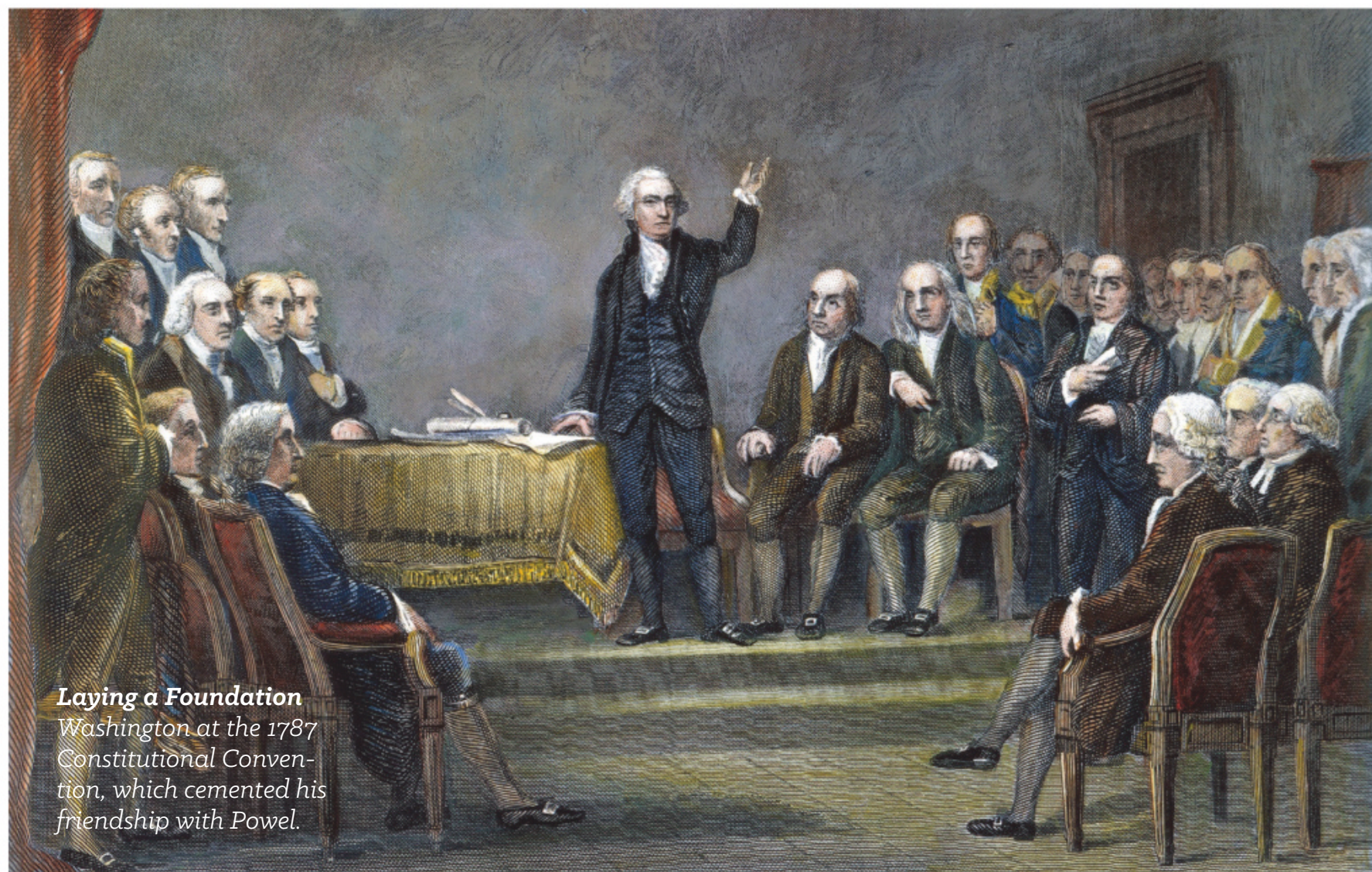
In some ways, the Sally Fairfax episode reads as a rehearsal for the relationship Washington developed and maintained with Eliza Powel: ambitious, ardent military man of parts encounters attractive, intellectually intriguing woman, otherwise attached yet still with a taste for the game and inclined to keep a chaste connection rather than break off contact. But

while Sally Fairfax's personal impact on Washington and his times remained social and personal, Eliza Powel's reverberated in the public realm and into history itself.

In addition to corresponding, Eliza and George, over the years, met frequently in private, prompting speculation among subsequent generations of historians that this relationship may have progressed beyond close platonic friendship. Would Eliza Powel have been willing? Probably. How about George Washington? In correspondence with others, the general implied that he would not oppose an extramarital relationship provided he could avoid betraying a woman's confidence. Whether he was referring to his spouse or a theoretical party with whom he might become involved, however, Washington never made clear.

By upbringing, experience, and nature, Eliza Powel was politically astute and acquainted with the leading lights of the American political scene. It was in reply to her question about what type of government the Constitutional Convention had chosen that Benjamin Franklin directed his famous remark, “A republic, madam, if you can keep it.”

Perhaps because Washington left few written records of his

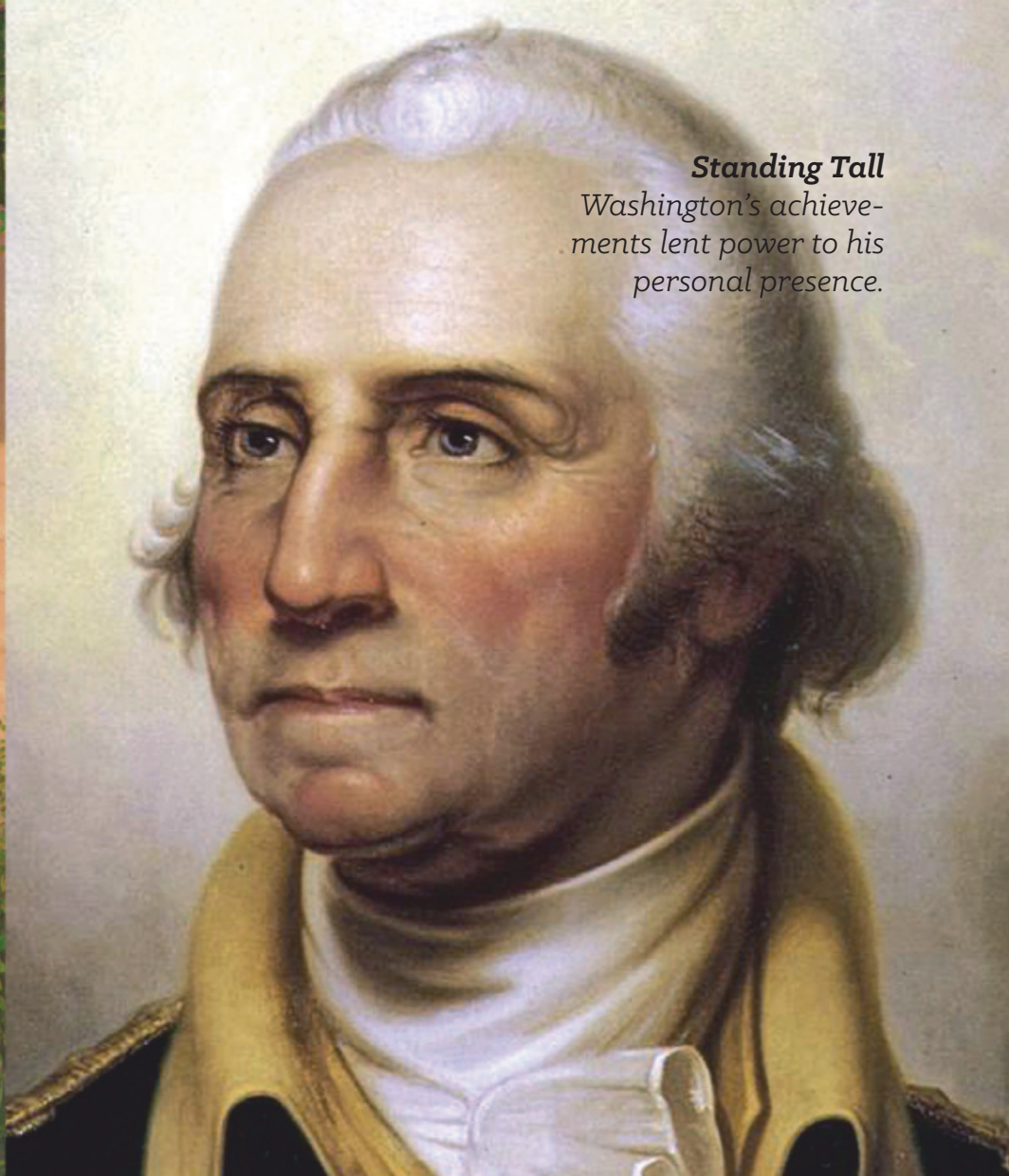


Laying a Foundation
Washington at the 1787 Constitutional Convention, which cemented his friendship with Powel.

COURTESY OF THE POWEL HOUSE; GRANGER, NYC



An Understanding Spouse
Martha Washington was sanguine about her famous mate's busy social life.



Standing Tall
Washington's achievements lent power to his personal presence.

meetings with her, the Powel/Washington relationship intrigues historians. Chernow notes in *A Life* that the bond between Eliza and George was Washington's "only deep one with a woman who qualified as an intellectual peer and treated him as such." Powel could banter and even flirt with Washington, but she also held him on a pedestal, sometimes comparing him to great men of antiquity.

Eliza Powel was far more sophisticated and worldly than Martha Washington, who acknowledged that compared to Eliza she was naïve and clumsy. Yet Martha appeared not to resent her husband's close friendship with Powel. In fact, Martha often turned to Eliza, who had lost three children, for advice about raising her three granddaughters.

From 1774 to 1787, there is no record of any contact or correspondence between George and Eliza. In 1790, with independence achieved and the business of creating a government under way, Congress picked Philadelphia as a temporary capital, drawing Washington back to his female friend's hometown. Again installed in Philadelphia, Washington frequently escorted Eliza on carriage rides and had tea with her at her home—in husband Samuel's absence. Even though both were in the same city, the two often exchanged letters. These were, for the most part, brief notes in which Washington informed Powel when she would be picked up to visit a particular person or attend a play or to thank her for bringing his attention to a pamphlet she thought he ought to read. The letters' salutations and closings became increasingly more personal and affectionate, even given the context of the time, with its florid hellos and goodbyes. Effusiveness was unusual for the

austere Washington, whose epistolary persona was formal and cold. In a letter from Eliza to Washington she sends him a small gift and signs off, "I am with great Sincerity, dear Sir, Your affectionate friend. . ." In a letter to Eliza, George thanks her for sending a copy of a pamphlet and closes, "with very great esteem, regard and Affection. . ."

According to Chernow, only Washington's youthful love for Sally Fairfax surpassed the affection he developed for Eliza Powel.

Early in November 1792, Washington was in the third year of his first term as president. Consensus held that he should remain at the nation's helm for another term to get the young country onto solid footing. Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson, who disagreed about virtually everything else, both wanted Washington to continue as president. However, the man himself was not only uncertain about seeking a second term but was thinking of resigning his office early—a musing that George mentioned to his friend Eliza.

On November 17, Powel sat at her writing desk and in a seven-page letter reminded her friend the president of his responsibilities to the millions who looked to him to guide the ship of state. Resigning would cost him his popularity, she said. Resignation would please his enemies and cause his friends and followers dismay and regret. Some would question his motives or call him self-serving. "The Antifederalists would use it as an argument for dissolving the Union" and claim that Washington, finding the system flawed, was absconding lest blame for its failure fall on his shoulders,

Epistolary Equipment

In composing her many letters, Powel used this inkwell, on display at Yale University.



Eliza declared. Finally, Powel invoked the prosperity and happiness of the people that the nation had entrusted to him, closing with “Your sincere affectionate Friend.” Chernow maintains that Eliza’s letter was among factors that bucked George up. He stayed on the job and did run again in 1793—as in his first campaign, taking every electoral vote.

The summer of 1793 saw yellow fever sweep Philadelphia. The epidemic killed 5,000—a tenth of the capital’s population. At first, Washington dismissed the threat but changed his mind, deciding that he and his family had best depart for Mount Vernon. He suggested to Eliza that she and Samuel accompany them, but Samuel Powel wanted to remain in Philadelphia. Eliza too stayed, telling George that if she left her husband on his own she would never forgive herself. The Washingtons departed. Samuel Powel contracted yellow fever. Eliza nursed him but, three weeks after the general’s invitation, while she was visiting her brother on his farm, her husband died. When Washington returned from his plantation, his friendship with the widow Powel tightened.

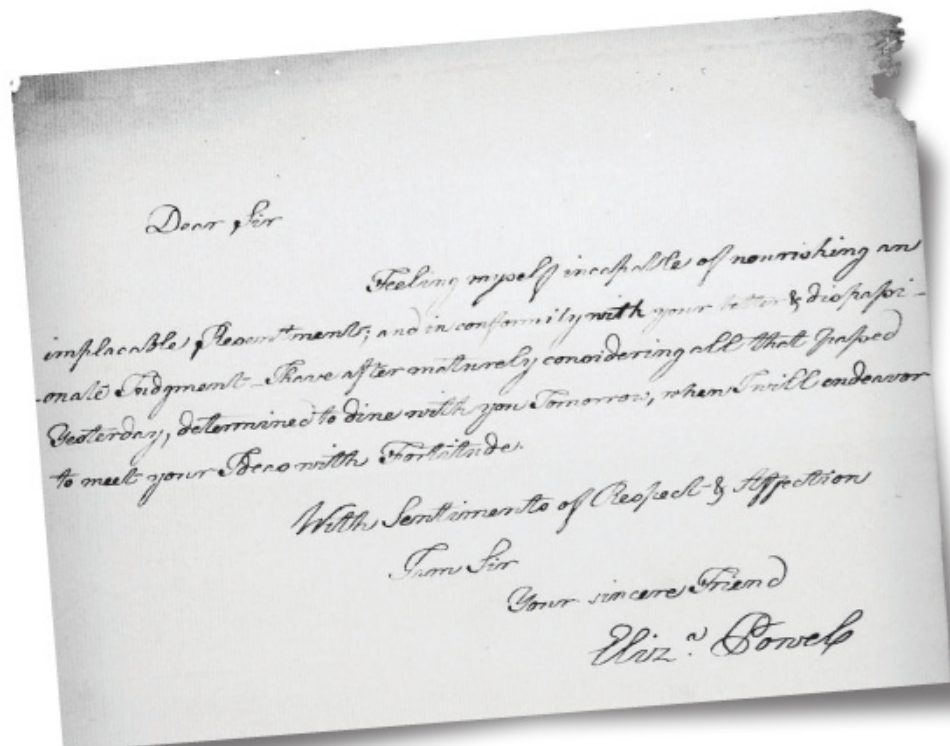
After Americans elected John Adams president in 1797, Washington cleared out his official residence in Philadelphia. In the process of disposing of many furnishings he had bought for the house, he sold Eliza his private desk at cost. Examining the desk later, she found in a secret compartment a packet of letters from Martha to George. Eliza wrote

Washington a teasing tongue-in-cheek letter revealing her discovery, assuring her friend that though she assumed the missives were love letters she had not peeked but instead had triple-sealed them against prying eyes. Washington answered with thanks, explaining that in her letters to him Martha had expressed friendship rather than romantic love. Anyone expecting to find evidence of “carnal desire or lusty romance” would be sorely disappointed, George said.

In her final letter to George Washington, written in December 1798, Eliza Powel expressed hope that the Almighty would protect and preserve the former president. She signed off, “with deepest Admiration and Affection.” Washington responded briefly and formally, showing none of the warmth of previous letters to her, perhaps a tacit message that this was the end of their special relationship.

After undertaking a rainy, snow-blown five-hour tour of his plantation on December 12, 1799, Washington, soaked to the skin, joined guests waiting for a meal. On December 14, he died of a bacterial infection, followed to the grave in May 1802 by Martha.

Eliza Willing Powel never remarried. There is no record that she wrote a letter of condolence to Martha Washington after her great friend’s death, nor any evidence that her friendship with Washington, close though it was, exceeded the boundaries of propriety. Eliza Powel died in 1830. ★



Quill Pals

A sample of Powel’s penmanship in a note she sent to her presidential correspondent.



A Woman of Parts

Powel as painted in 1825 by American artist Francis Alexander. She earned a reputation as a saloniste.



Lead Player
 Washington came to rely on Powell for perspective on matters of policy.



Gorgeous Georgian

Powel House fits into its block of South Third Street like a complex tile in a pleasing mosaic.

Washington Danced Here

Philadelphia's Society Hill section, abutting popular historic sites like Independence Hall, throngs with tourists, many of whom walk unknowing past 244 South Third Street. That address is one of the finest examples in the city of Georgian residential architecture, as well as the setting before and after colonial times for sumptuous gatherings of the wealthy and powerful. In 1760 William Penn's sons, Thomas and Richard, sold the parcel at 244 Third to dry goods merchant Charles Stedman. Finishing construction in 1766, Stedman, now in dire financial straits, put the property up for sale. He unloaded it on August 2, 1769, for £3,150 to Samuel Powel. Five days later, Powel wed Elizabeth Willing (see "Washington's Other Woman," p. 32). Both spouses came from clout. Samuel had inherited his merchant father's fortune at nine and another at 18 from his grandfather, positioning him for nonpareil access to education, acculturation, travel, and connections. Eliza was of clans Shippen and Willing, names synonymous in 18th-century Philadelphia with public service and wealth; her great-grandfather, father, and brother served as mayor. The Powels became a power couple, their aura enhanced by a lavish 1769-71 refurbishing of their home. The renovation included

work by woodworker and gilder Hercules Courtney, whom the Powels paid £60 for decorative carving at a time when £200 built a small brick house; the efforts of decorative plasterer James Clow; and painting and bordering by Timothy Berrett. From mahogany doors and central stairs to an ornate mantel illustrating Aesop's fable "The Dog and his Reflection," the Powels spared no detail telegraphing their standing, which came to include Samuel's service as mayor 1775-76 and Eliza's reputation as an intellectual. The Marquis de Chastellux, after visiting Philadelphia in 1780, wrote in *Travels in North America* that "contrary to American custom, [Mrs. Powel] plays the leading role in the family—*la prima figura*, as the Italians say... she has not traveled, but she has wit and a good memory, speaks well and talks a great deal; she honored me with her friendship and found me very meritorious because I meritoriously listened to her." The pair's energetic hospitality made 244 South Third a locus of American social and political life in which the powerful and well-connected could mingle, dine, influence, drink, be influenced, and dance. John Adams, in Philadelphia for the First Continental Congress, wrote in his diary on September 8, 1774: "Dined at Mr. Powells...A most

Mahogany Masterpiece

The home's every touch reflects a desire to convey the owners' significance.



Retrieved

Period furnishings from elsewhere recreate the feel of the Powels' era.



sinfull Feast again! Every Thing which could delight the Eye, or allure the Taste, Curds and Creams, Jellies, Sweet meats of various sorts, 20 sorts of Tarts, fools, Trifles, floating Islands, whippd Sillabubs &c. &c. Parmesan Cheese, Punch, Wine, Porter, Beer &c. &c.... At Evening We climbed up the Steeple of Christ Church, with Mr. Reed, from whence We had a clear and full View of the whole City and of Delaware River." The Powels' guest lists included the Marquis de Lafayette, Benjamin Franklin—and George and Martha Washington, who formed a close relationship with the younger couple that included the exchange of hospitality and gifts. The Powels visited Mount Vernon and the Washingtons celebrated their wedding anniversary at the Powels' home. In 1779 Sarah Franklin Bache wrote to her father, Benjamin Franklin: "I have lately and several times invited abroad with the General and Mrs. Washington, he always inquires after you in the most affectionate Manner and speaks of you highly. We danced at Mr. Powel's your birthday Eve night I should say in Company together and he told me it was the anniversary of his marriage it was twenty years that night." Eliza's 50th birthday celebration in February 1793 so impressed one guest that

in 1830, more than three decades later, he noted in his diary that Eliza had died—and reminisced about her party. Eliza lived in the house for five years after Samuel's death, eventually selling 244 South Third to neighbor William Bingham. Powel House's final private owner, Wolf Klebansky, was using the house commercially when, in the 1920s, he decided to flatten it to put in a parking lot. In its first undertaking, the newly formed Philadelphia Society for the Preservation of Landmarks saved 244 South Third in 1931, but not before Klebansky sold the Philadelphia Museum of Art and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York key architectural elements from two second-floor rooms, recreated in those institutions' permanent collections. Renovated and refurnished, Powel House—philalandmarks.org/powel-house—is open to the public. Entering, the visitor encounters a spacious foyer leading to the main staircase. Beneath 12-foot ceilings, an arch frames the stairs. Excellent examples of period furnishings create an elegant, amiable impression, as though Samuel and Eliza were waiting to welcome guests.

—Kevin J. Lawrence, a Philadelphia writer, lives a few blocks from the Powel House.

Camel Corps

For transportation and scouting duty in the Southwest, America's military tried the sons and daughters of the desert *By David Sears*

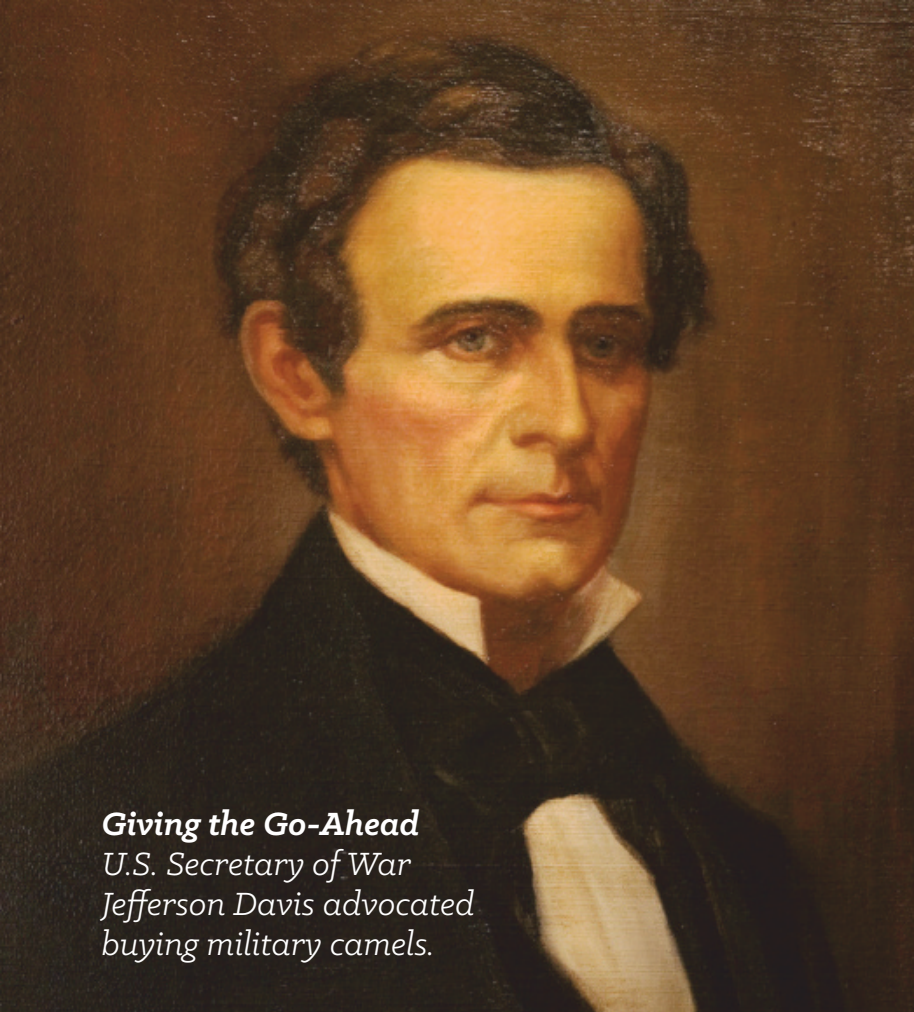


Built for It
*The American Southwest
shares many aspects of the
desert environments in
which camels thrive.*

On a spring morning in 1883, a homesteader near Eagle Creek in southeast Arizona left her adobe house to fetch water. Suddenly, the woman screamed. From inside the house, a second woman had looked out to behold a huge, strange red animal with a rider on its back. The second homesteader barricaded the door and began to pray. At nightfall, menfolk returned from hunting sheep stolen by Apaches to find the would-be water carrier trampled to death and surrounded by huge cloven footprints. A few nights later, several miles northeast, two prospectors awoke terrified as a beast stove in their canvas shelter. Clambering to their feet, the pair watched a large, ungainly animal gallop off, leaving a trail of cloven prints and, snagged on brush, tufts of red hair, inspiring legends of the “Red Ghost.”

The mystery beast’s presence in the Southwest of the 1880s dated back four decades, to a time when westbound pioneers confronted the Rockies, the Sierras, and vast deserts between as they trekked toward the rich valleys of coastal California and Oregon. Pioneers crossed the continent using three main routes: the northerly Oregon and Humboldt trails, each originating in Missouri; and the southerly Gila Trail, starting from El Paso, Texas and traversing New Mexico and Arizona to Southern California through fry-pan hot Indian territory.

Migrants depended on draft and pack animals. Horses were suitable for short stretches but required grain to supplement local forage. Oxen were sturdier, cheaper, and more dependable, but maddeningly slow. Mules, though stubborn, seemed the best bet: stronger, hardier, less picky about food and slower to thirst. Their flinty hooves easily negotiated mountain and prairie terrain; and their tough hides withstood saddle and harness abrasions. To protect western pioneers from Indians, America’s fledgling Army established cavalry outposts along the main trails. Provisioning these isolated garrisons challenged military logisticians, particularly in the “most irksome desert for beasts in the world,” as one Army quartermaster called the New Mexico terrain surrounding Fort Yuma. And once established out West, homesteaders needed a way to



Giving the Go-Ahead
U.S. Secretary of War
Jefferson Davis advocated
buying military camels.

stay in touch with one another and folks back East. That meant reintroducing the camel to America.

North America had been the home of the original camels, which stood scarcely a foot high. Evolution wiped out those prehistoric North American ancestors, but their descendants, double-humped Siberian and Chinese Bactrians and speedy, single-humped North African Arabians called dromedaries became essential to transport and commerce in those regions.

Spanish and English colonists in America imported a few camilidae specimens for tasks like hauling ore. These experiments failed but the era of westward expansion revived interest. As early as 1837, U.S. Army Captain and Seminole War veteran George H. Crosman was advocating that the military import and test camels. Crosman corresponded with E.F. Miller, a general's son, who shared his enthusiasm. The two envisioned in the seven-foot-tall, half-ton camel an ideal means of negotiating America's deserts.

With its dexterous lips and razor teeth, a camel would eat virtually anything. The animal's series of regurgitant stomachs consumed every mote of nutrient and moisture. Humps stored fat, a reserve drained as needed until the

hump turned flaccid. A camel ordinarily drank its fill every three days but could survive much longer. Camels' hardened feet need not be shod; and they are so sure-footed that desert armies mounted light artillery on them. Capable of proceeding at 10 mph without a load, a heavily burdened camel slowed considerably but still was able to travel 12 hours without pause. With proper care, a camel lived 40 years, compared with horses at 30, mules 27, and oxen 20. In the 1800s, average human lifespans approximated the camels'—allowing long and productive cross-species partnerships.

Crosman and Miller failed to impress U.S. Quartermaster General Thomas S. Jesup, but the case for camels eventually gained new urgency. The United States had acquired vast stretches of Southwest territory after defeating Mexico in the 1846-1848 conflict, whereupon prospectors combing the conquered territory discovered gold and silver deposits. Mexican War veterans like Quartermaster Corps officer Henry C. Wayne, knowing the terrain's rigors and weather, recognized the camel's suitability. Still, Jesup resisted.

Camel adherents finally found a welcoming ear in U.S. Senator Jefferson Davis (D-Mississippi). Davis, whose first wife had been a daughter of Zachary Taylor, had fought in Mexico alongside "Old Rough and Ready." Named secretary of war in 1853 by President Franklin Pierce, Davis asked Wayne to make a case to Congress for camel transport. In his formal report, Wayne included a

Camel Wrangler
Adventurous Navy
man Edward Beale
was game to try
herding camels.



Rough Ride
Camel Corps animals
wore official saddles
of wood and metal
made by blacksmiths.



marital option: fleet Arabians might be used against Indians in “promptly punishing their aggressions.” Congress balked. However, newspaper editors, lecturers, and authors fostered the idea until, in 1855, the U.S. House of Representatives appropriated \$30,000—today, roughly \$900,000—for the “purchase and importation of camels and dromedaries for military purposes.”

Davis set to work, naming Wayne director of the Camel Military Corps and arranging for U.S. Navy storeship *Supply*, fresh from Commodore Matthew Perry’s sally to Japan, to undertake a camel-buying expedition in the Mediterranean. Wanting recommendations for a suitable skipper, Davis turned to Edward F. Beale, a Mexican War Navy veteran who also had explored Death Valley with frontiersman Kit Carson. Beale nominated a kinsman: Lieutenant David Dixon Porter, a scion of a nautical family whose ranks included adoptive brother David Farragut.

Wayne, carrying orders from Davis to buy both Bactrian and Arabian specimens, sailed for Europe in spring 1855 to consult with zoologists before joining Porter late that July aboard *Supply* at La Spezia, Italy. The plan was to sail to Tunis, acquire a camel, and study “its management on ship-board.” In North Africa, Porter and Wayne connected with Gwinn H. Heap, Porter’s brother-in-law and Beale’s close friend. Son of camel expert Samuel Heap, former American consul at Tunis, Gwinn knew the region, knew camels, and possessed the skill to illustrate the expedition’s travels.

At Tunis the Americans bought a camel. In addition, the



Spending Spree

Wayne, top, and Porter handled buying. In an 1857 report on the trip, Davis included a Gwinn Heap drawing, bottom.

local bey gifted them two more. The dromedaries adapted well to life at sea. Tethered below, the animals gave “very little trouble, very much less than a horse,” Heap reported. After pauses to dock in Malta, Smyrna—now Izmir, Turkey—and Salonika—now Thessaloniki, Greece—*Supply* arrived at Constantinople, now Istanbul, Turkey, in October 1855.

Demand generated by forces fighting the war in Crimea made camels too expensive for the Americans, but British demonstrations of Bactrians’ and Arabians’ performance convinced Wayne to stick with dromedaries. The party sold two of the test camels then sailed for Alexandria, Egypt, arriving late in November.

The Americans soon learned about camel idiosyncracies. Shady camel merchants disguised sick or overworked stock by blowing air through a reed to inflate limp humps. Camels’ ear-piercing groans, especially while being loaded, carried for miles. Worse, “furious excitement” seized bull camels during a prolonged rutting season. Males’ eyes reddened and mouths projected bladder-like membranes emitting burbling sounds like a human breaking wind. The sex-crazed beasts jostled among themselves and assaulted handlers, vexing their American stewards. In defense, Wayne hired three indigenous drovers to assist Albert Ray, his American wrangler. Egyptian dromedaries were cheap but Egypt was stingy with export permits—until the Americans proffered gifts: two rifled muskets, ammunition, and a mold for casting Minié balls.



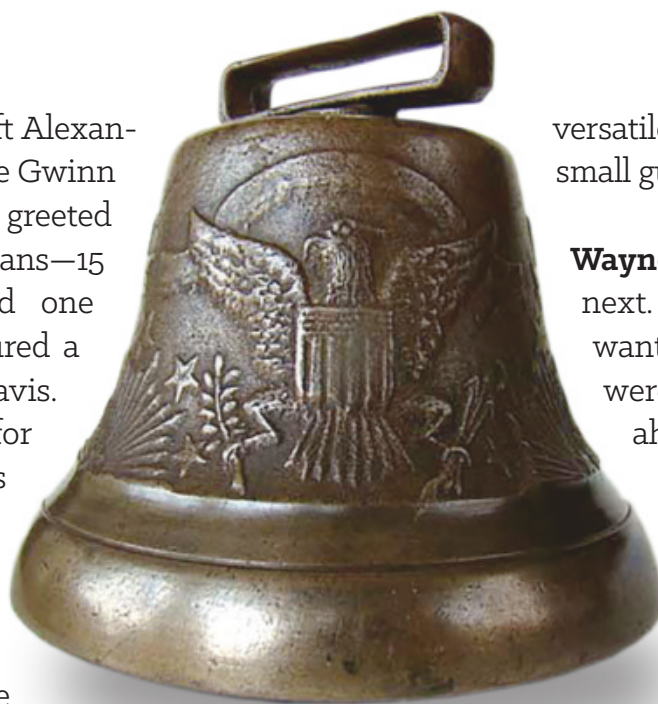
Carrying ten dromedaries, *Supply* left Alexandria in January 1856 for Smyrna, where Gwinn Heap was already shopping. He greeted *Supply* with a 21-animal herd: 19 Arabians—15 male, 4 female—one Bactrian, and one mixed-breed “Booghdee.” Wayne figured a Bactrian would mollify his boss, Davis. When *Supply* departed Smyrna for America on February 15, Wayne’s stock, augmented by the birth of an Arabian and purchase of another Bactrian, numbered 33. Wayne had spent only a third of the funds allotted. Storms plagued *Supply* all the way back. Of six calves born at sea, four died as did a birthing female. On May 14, 1856, 34 camels stepped ashore at Indianola, Texas, a small Gulf Coast port. As Porter and Heap arranged another buying trip, Wayne launched the Camel Military Corps experiment.

In the days ahead, while Wayne’s beasts made a few friends, they encountered many more skeptics and outright detractors. Watching a dromedary kneel so a drover could load it with two 300-pound hay bales, Indianolans guffawed. The animal wouldn’t rise, much less move. Once handlers increased the load to four bales of hay, however, the beast calmly stood and strode off.

After acclimating his charges for three weeks, Wayne set out for the interior. Outside Victoria, Texas, Wayne met Pauline Shirkey, 10. He gave the girl’s mother, Mary, camel hair clippings from which she spun thread and knit socks—a gift Wayne sent to President Pierce. Before the caravan departed for San Antonio, Pauline took a memorable ride. “The camel bells were jingling...and I was sitting on the back of this unusual steed,” she marveled 75 years later.

Most locals shied away from the animals’ odor, noise and, not least, their ability to terrify other livestock. A camel’s scent, an expert noted, “was more easily imagined than described.” Presaging the tactic associated with early automobiles, Wayne sent a horseman ahead. “Get out of the road!” the rider would shout. “Camels are coming!”

By the time the camel herd settled at Camp Verde, an Army post sixty miles northwest of San Antonio, the animals had demonstrated the advantages they offered the army. Once away from populated areas, Wayne advised Davis, camels delivered high-capacity, low-consumption, long-range desert transport for freight, mail, even infantry. The



Ring My Bell
The U.S. Army issued each Corps camel a specially cast brass bell.

versatile creature could also “be mounted with a small gun throwing shrapnel.”

Wayne and Davis diverged on what came next. Wayne favored patient breeding; Davis wanted immediate full-scale testing. Orders were orders, but Wayne, sensing changes ahead, looked to transfer. Denied re-nomination for the 1856 presidential election, incumbent Democrat Pierce yielded the party reins—as well as the presidency—to James Buchanan. Davis subsequently lost out in a March 1857 cabinet shakeup. He was replaced by former Virginia governor John B. Floyd just as David Porter and Gwinn Heap were delivering 41 additional camels to coastal Texas. Accompanying the beasts were 10 foreign contract workers; notable among them were two Turks—Hadji Ali and Elías—and Greek-born George Caralambo. Having completed their contractual obligations, Porter and Heap moved on as did Wayne who, after turning over the Corps to Captain Innis N. Palmer, transferred to Philadelphia.

At first, incoming Secretary of War Floyd seemed eager to put the fledgling Camel Corps to work. A four-month debut project—surveying for construction of a federal road north from El Paso to Fort Yuma, then west to the Colorado River, an 800-mile trek ending at the California border—began that June. Employing 25 Arabians from Camp Verde, each toting roughly 700 lb., and 75 mules, each carrying about 175 lb., Beale led the expedition through country “where everything ahead is dim, uncertain or unknown, except the dangers.” At one point, Beale, riding a large white dromedary stallion named Seid, galloped off, sheik-like, on a 27-mile scouting foray. “The best horse or mule in our camp,” he marveled, “could not have performed the same journey in twice the time.”

The party reached California on October 17 but Beale wasn’t quite done. After sending a 22-animal caravan to Fort Tejon, an outpost adjoining what is now California’s Los Padres National Forest, Beale saddled Seid while Hadji Ali—his name Americanized as “Hi-Jolly”—saddled Tuile. Accompanied by horsemen, the two riders navigated their Arabians across more than



Under the Gun
In the Middle East, camels went into battle mounted with multibarrel weapons.

Making Camp

A Camel Corps unit pauses en route to Carson Valley, Nevada Territory, in 1860.



200 miles of barren terrain to reach *El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Ángeles de Porciúncula*. The animals' arrival at what is now Los Angeles stirred excitement. Camels had reached the American West.

Citing Beale's enthusiasm, Floyd unsuccessfully urged Congress to buy 1,000 more camels, even though Lloyd and Jesup scarcely were able to employ—or maintain—their existing herd. One Arizona cavalry captain's request to use Arabians to chase marauding Indians did get Jesup's endorsement, but Lloyd turned down the overture. At Camp Verde, meanwhile, Innis Palmer pleaded for funds to clothe his “nearly naked” foreign drovers. A major impediment was Department of Texas commander David E. Twiggs. “I know that no living animal can bear the pressure of 600 pounds and go through a campaign in our country,” Twiggs declared.

By now the West Coast Arabians had relocated to Camp Fitzgerald near Los Angeles. With little else to do, Hi-Jolly and George Caralambo—“Greek George” to all—gave camel rides to curious schoolchildren. Male camels began to scrap. During one particularly vicious fight, Tuile stepped on Seid's head, killing the stallion.

Learning of the camels corralled down South,

Newman S. Clarke, the California Department's San Francisco-based commander, requested jurisdiction. Jesup agreed, but it was September 1860 before Clarke instituted a “camel express” resupply route, an erstwhile “Dromedary Line,” between Los Angeles and Fort Mohave, 300 miles northeast. Greek George inaugurated the run only to have his camel die en route. When Clarke died that October, the Dromedary Line ceased. Mules stayed the preferred beast of burden.

By now, civilian camels were reaching American shores. In October 1858, American steamship *Thomas Watson*, a known slaver, docked at Galveston, Texas. The owner of record, Mrs. M. J. Watson, declared her vessel was carrying 89 camels. She asked British Consul Arthur T. Lynn for the certification of health required of vessels leaving Galveston for British ports. Suspecting Watson was bound for Cuban slave ports, Lynn declined. During the ensuing dispute, *Watson* let the beasts go free. About half succumbed to disease or slaughter before she paid a local rancher to round up the survivors. He pastured them on the mainland but, when payments stopped, they too were set loose.

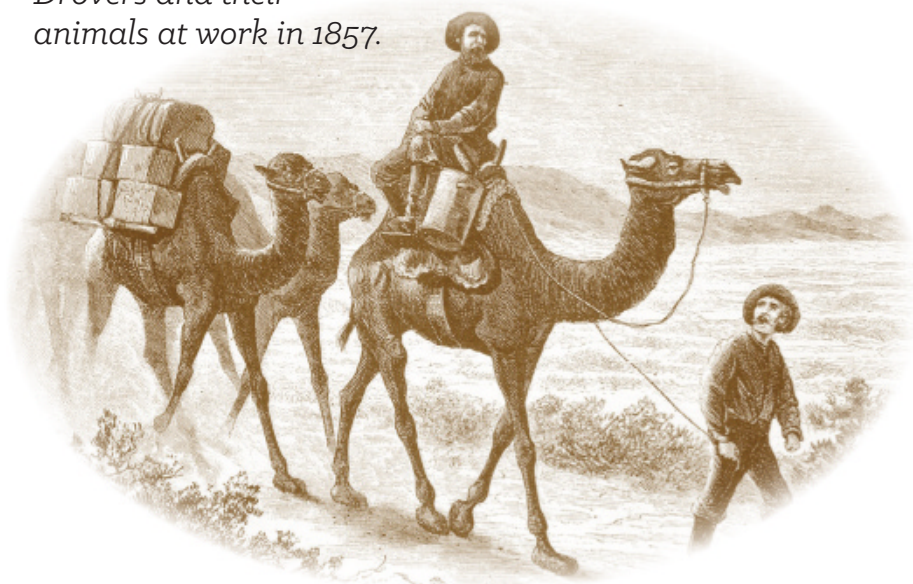
In July 1860, San Francisco merchant Otto Esche returned to San Francisco from China with 45 winter-hardened Bactrians. He quartered the animals



High Jolly
Camel handler
Hadji Ali had his
given name turn
American on him.

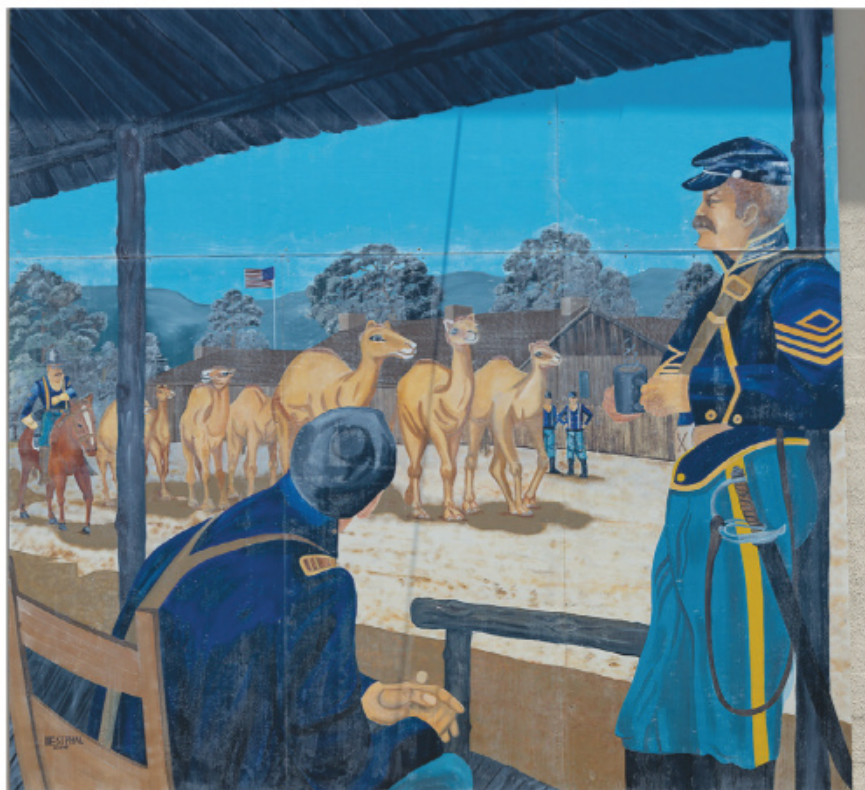
On the Road Again

Drovers and their animals at work in 1857.



in a tent on Bush Street, planning to auction them individually. When Esche's \$1,200-per-head asking price got no takers, he sold ten in a package deal to Julius Bandmann, who pastured them near Pacific Street with occasional thistle-grazing forays to the Presidio. Bandmann resold the beasts for service as pack animals working the Washoe silver mines in distant Esmeralda County, now part of Nevada. Esche, meanwhile, sold a British Columbia mining outfit two dozen animals for a total of \$6,000. Employed until 1863 on the rugged Old Cariboo Road, the "Cariboo camels" eventually were set loose. At least one, said to have been mistaken by a hunter for a bear, was killed, butchered, and served as "grizzly steaks." Some of the beasts meandered south to Idaho and Nevada.

By then, two dozen Military Camel Corps Arabians had completed their final meaningful job, a midsummer 1859 topographical survey of the Big Bend region in southwest Texas. As Wayne and Beale had, expedition leader Second Lieutenant Edward L. Hartz extolled the animals. "The patience, endurance and steadiness which characterize the performance of the camels during this march," Hartz wrote in his journal, "is beyond praise."



Camel Down

On an ascent in west Texas in June 1859, a camel carrying water fell, smashing the barrel. Soldiers saved the animal by cutting tethers.

Civil war undid the Camel Corps. When Texas seceded on January 28, 1861, former U.S. Army camels were neglected and abused. Some creatures delivered rural mail; one hauled a Confederate general's baggage. Another, Old Douglas, served with the 43rd Mississippi Infantry; he was killed at Vicksburg. Three camels escaped to federal lines in Arkansas, they were auctioned in St. Louis. When peace was declared, Camp Verde's 66 surviving camels were sold at auction for just \$330 to Bethel Coopwood, a Confederate cavalryman who had fought in Arizona and New Mexico. Selling the Ringling Brothers Circus five animals, Coopwood employed the rest of the herd carrying freight between Laredo, Texas, and Mexico City. That business soon failed.

The army also auctioned its California camels. Caravanned amid great curiosity up the coast to San Francisco in 1863, all three dozen Arabians—including Tuile, now "Old Tule" and 35 years old—fetched \$1,945 from Samuel McLaughlin. He sold a few to a small circus, sent others to silver mines in Nevada, and staged a few "Great Dromedary Races."

Coming into Camp Verde

Soon after arriving in America, the first Corps animals reach their first posting.



In ensuing decades, remnants of America's camel experiment made occasional news. Edward Beale kept several at his ranch near El Tejon, California, training a pair to pull a sulky on 100-mile trips to Los Angeles. In advance of July 4, 1876, animals that had passed through Otto Esche's and Julius Bandmann's hands climbed 9,000-foot Mount Davidson, Nevada, hauling firewood to fuel a centennial bonfire visible "from all parts of the Washoe Valley."

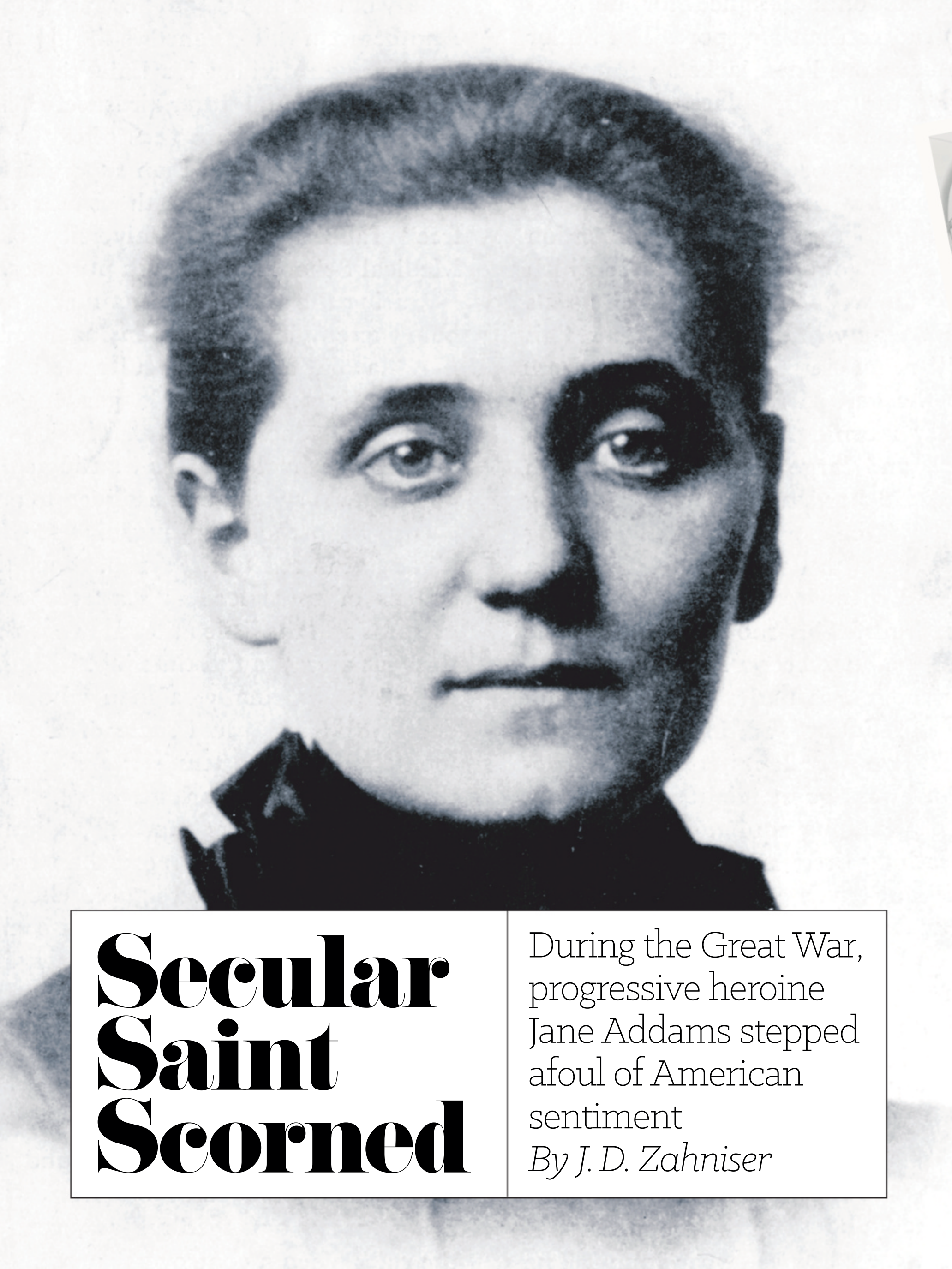
By mid-1857, all but three Levantine drovers had returned to their homelands. As late as the 1885-1886 cavalry campaign against the Apache war chief Geronimo, Hadji Ali, now a naturalized citizen named Philip Tedro, skinned mules for the army. He married a Tucson woman and fathered two daughters but died impoverished and alone in 1902.

Greek George, too, became a citizen. Known as George Allen, he lived for a time near what is now Hollywood's Santa Monica Boulevard. Speaking only Spanish and recognizable by a "Homeric" and seemingly "bulletproof" thatch of beard and hair, he died in 1913.

The Turkish-born Elías was to exert the most significant impact. Moving to Sonora, Mexico, where he wed a Yaqui Indian woman, Elías operated a ranch and fathered Plutarcho Elías Calles. Nicknamed *El Turco*, Calles served as a populist Mexican president 1924-1928.

By the mid-1880s, American interest in camels as beasts of burden had run out. Cowboys and Native Americans who encountered feral camels were more inclined to kill than domesticate them. Accordingly, the 1883 sightings of Arizona's Red Ghost sparked the sort of wonder later sparked by UFOs. The Arizona mystery resolved itself in stages over the next decade. A month after the water carrier's death, a rancher claiming to have seen the "Red Ghost" described a shaggy red-hued camel carrying a human figure. Seeing the same apparition weeks later, prospectors shot at it; the animal fled, shaking loose a human skull with bits of flesh and hair attached. Finally, in 1893, a rancher saw the Red Ghost consuming his turnip patch, grabbed a rifle, and killed the beast; inspection revealed that knotted rawhide strips, some cutting into the dead animal's hide, had been securing remnants of a corpse. "The only question," noted the *Mohave County Miner*, "is whether the man was tied on him for revenge or merely as an ugly piece of humor by someone who had a camel and a corpse for which he had no use."

Over ensuing decades, camel sightings persisted but gradually dwindled. "Old Topsy," last documented descendant of the original Camel Military Corps, died in 1934. "Attendants at Griffith Park," the *Oakland Tribune* reported, "destroyed her after she became crippled with paralysis." ★



Secular Saint Scorned

During the Great War,
progressive heroine
Jane Addams stepped
afoul of American
sentiment

By J. D. Zahniser



Speaking Peace to Power

Addams joined delegates sailing to the 1915 International Congress of Women at the Hague. At left she is with Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence and Alice Thatcher Post, and below is second from the left. Opposite, Addams in the 1870s.



O

n Sunday morning, June 10, 1917, well-known activist Jane Addams stood at the podium of First Congregational Church in Evanston, Illinois. The atmosphere was electric. The pacifist sentiments Addams had long espoused had been drawing more and more criticism as the war in Europe ground on. In April, to her dismay, America had thrown in with the Allies against the Central Powers. Addams nonetheless was holding to her path, delivering speeches like the text before her on the rostrum entitled “Pacifism and Patriotism in Time of War.”

Addams had come to First Congregational knowing full well that she would encounter skeptics. This day was no different and yet more intense. As the activist spoke, her listeners, who included longtime friend and ally Orrin N. Carter, chief justice of the Illinois Supreme Court, sat in hostile silence until Addams delivered the line “Opposition to the war is not necessarily cowardice.”

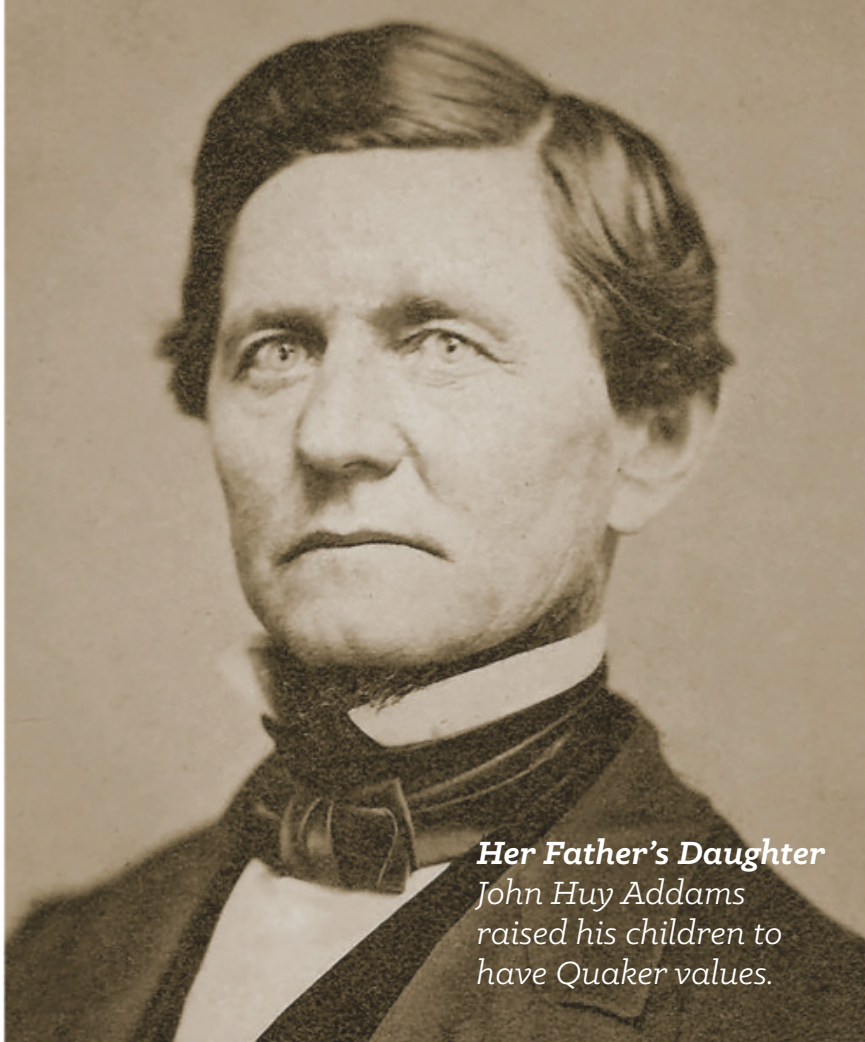
Justice Carter sprang to his feet.

“Anything that may tend to cast doubt on the justice of our cause in the present war is very unfortunate,” the jurist declared. “No pacifist measure, in my opinion, should be

taken until the war is over.”

Addams had heard worse, but now she was enduring what may have been the most discomfiting public moment in a life that until recently had been one of fulfillment, accomplishment, and above all popular approval. A staunch progressive, Addams had won Americans’ hearts by founding Hull House, a pioneering social action center in Chicago, by being a force on behalf of woman suffrage, by speaking out against imperialism, and by advocating for workers. Now pacifism had made her a pariah, a role for which nothing in decades of public service and public approbation had readied her.

Jane Addams was born in 1860 in Cedarville, near Rockford, Illinois. The youngest of four children, she was two when her mother, Sarah Weber Addams, died. At four, the girl developed spinal tuberculosis, which left her with a crooked spine and a lifetime of ailments. Her father, an enterprising mill and factory owner, had been a friend of young Abraham Lincoln. John Addams encouraged his adoring youngest to read—she especially loved the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson—discussed current events with her, and introduced her to political figures. He represented Cedarville for seven terms in the state Senate. Himself raised a Quaker, John Huy Addams did



Her Father's Daughter
John Huy Addams
raised his children to
have Quaker values.

not bring up his children in a particular church, but Jane wrote later that he connected her to “the moral concerns of life.” A grave, thoughtful child, she announced that she wanted to live among the poor, perhaps practicing medicine—at which point her vision and her father’s sharply diverged. Though Jane excelled at Rockford Female Seminary, a local college, her father refused to approve her request to transfer to more rigorous Smith College in Massachusetts. Like most men of his era, John Addams focused his ambitions on his son, Harry.

Jane Addams was not alone in feeling a patriarchal thumb on her aspirations. “She hides her hurt,” she wrote of the her generation of middle-class American-women. “Her zeal and her emotions are turned inwards, and the result is an unhappy woman, whose heart is consumed by vain regrets and desires.” Jane barely had graduated from seminary in 1881 when John Huy Addams suddenly died. The loss of her father and a substantial inheritance enlarged his daughter’s possibilities, but what Jane Addams later called “the family claim”—the unwritten assumption that a young single woman’s first duty was to family, in her case siblings and step-mother—outweighed any wish to engage with the world.

In this wish to engage, Addams had company. The Civil War having claimed hundreds of thousands of men with whom women might have made matches, Addams’s

female peers stepped into more diverse and meaningful roles, paid or unpaid, in a society transformed by the typewriter, the sewing machine, and other labor-saving, job-creating inventions. Industrialization and immigration had cities bursting at the seams—overcrowded, filthy, and disease-ridden. A collective reform impulse emerged, bringing women like Addams fresh prospects and role models in a movement eventually labeled “progressivism.”

After John Addams died, the family moved to Philadelphia, where Harry entered medical school. Jane also took classes, but back trouble led to a mental breakdown and hospitalization. Nerve specialist S. Weir Mitchell convinced Jane, as he had many other young women, that her physical woes stemmed from self-absorption and failure of will. Returning to Cedarville, she earnestly embraced Mitchell’s diagnosis, eschewing self-pity and striving to be “the highest, gentlest and kindest spirit.” A risky spinal surgery and a long recovery restrained in a heavy corset further tested her.

Finally, in early 1883, Addams set off with friends and relatives on the traditional “Grand Tour” of the Continent popular with young adults of her class. Addams found herself riveted by industrial London’s “dark heart,” the East End. Historically a locale of docks, slaughterhouses, and other “noxious trades,” the East End crammed into tenements London’s poorest residents. One Saturday evening, a missionary the young American had met at her boarding house took Addams on a tour of the district, where dilapidated housing looked onto

streets dense with beggars, urchins, animal carcasses, and filth. Addams gaped at East Enders scrabbling to buy decaying meat and decaying produce, a penitential contrast to the culturally elevated circuit she had been making of authors’ graves, museums, and theaters around the city. “All huge London came to seem unreal save the poverty in its East End,” she later wrote.

To Addams, the East End seemed a personal reproof that she considered as she toured the Continent, gravitating unblinkingly to city upon city’s poorer quarters. At home, she bristled at her step-mother’s preoccupation with the social whirl; she and her father’s widow fell out permanently in 1887, when Jane’s stepbrother proposed marriage and Jane rebuffed him.

Reverberations of her experiences



Always Thinking

Addams, here in 1872 at age 12, was a prodigy as a reader and intellect.



in the East End led Addams to seek insight in faith. Schooled in the Bible at college, she pondered Christ's example. An 1886 translation of Leo Tolstoy's *My Religion: What I Believe*, chronicling the Russian count's efforts to emulate Christ in embracing poverty and nonviolence, captivated Addams. But she did not know what meaningful action to undertake.

Addams found her course in late 1887, reading in *Century* magazine of Toynbee Hall, a British "settlement house." For decades, would-be reformers in America and England had struggled to fight urban poverty. Neither government had programs for disadvantaged citizens beyond pointedly harsh municipal poorhouses, poor farms, or workhouses; the indigent had to look to private charities, churches, and beggary."



In Britain, radical thinkers were finding inspiration in the writings of economist and social theorist Arnold Toynbee, who favored transmitting values over palliating poverty with donations. Adherents of Toynbee had installed progressively inclined privileged individuals in slums to offer neighbors fellowship and learning. These "settlers" and their "settlement houses," while paternalistic, sought to reach across class lines.

As the *Century* article explained, East End clergyman Samuel Barnett and wife Henrietta had bought a disused school near their rectory. The couple invited 15 Oxford graduates to move into the building's upper floors, naming their project for Toynbee. The young men had day jobs elsewhere in London, but after working hours offered neighborhood residents classes and cultural programs convened on Toynbee



Hall's main floor. The settlement workers also investigated social conditions in the neighborhood.

Bearing a letter of introduction, Jane went to London and looked up the Barnetts. The couple introduced their visitor to the Oxford contingent and its activities. Toynbee Hall was "so free from 'professional doing good,' so unaffectedly sincere and so productive of good results in its classes and libraries that it seems perfectly ideal," Addams wrote to her sister Alice.

Energized, Addams moved to Chicago, where industry had attracted a large immigrant population. When the city's west side was still green, industrialist and developer Charles Jerald Hull had built a country house there. Hull recently had died, and now his Italianate mansion stood in a polyglot slum. The three-story brick pile at 800 South Halsted Street looked to

Hard-Knock Lives

Living and working conditions in, London, top, Chicago, and New York City propelled Addams to act. At left, Mette family members earn a piecework pittance making paper flowers in their Manhattan tenement flat.



Collaborator
Ellen Gates Starr co-founded
Hull House in Chicago.

Addams as if it could be a Toynbee Hall. Hull's heir agreed to rent the place, eventually forgoing payment. Addams paid for renovations out of her inheritance. In 1889, she, seminary classmate Ellen Starr, and a housekeeper moved in. New York City boasted America's first settlement house, the Neighborhood Guild, founded in 1886 on the Lower East Side, but Hull House was the first staffed with female settlers.

Addams wanted Hull House to be a community center and source of moral uplift. Her neighbors at first were wary but soon youngsters were flocking to afternoon art classes and adults to evening receptions and cultural programs. Visitors liked the entertainment but pushed for practical help with employers, garbage removal, and ethnic frictions. Within the year, Addams was mediating labor disputes.

Hull House's success drew allies and applicants seeking to work and live there. As Addams and Hull House exerted more influence, the reputations of both grew—as did the operation itself, eventually occupying 13 buildings. Over the years, dozens of female reformers resided at Hull House, their experience often carrying into other projects.

After Addams convinced union organizer Mary Kenney to help with neighborhood labor disputes, Kenney moved into Hull House; years later, she founded a settlement house in Boston. Fleeing an abusive spouse, activist Florence Kelley moved into Hull House; her interest in urban research and lobbying got Addams thinking about politics and power. When University of Chicago professors like John Dewey lectured at Hull House, a partnership was born. Settlement houses multiplied in American cities. By 1900 there were 100, mostly staffed by young women.

In early 1894, Addams helped found the Civic Federation of Chicago, which sought to improve city services by allying business, labor, and academic leaders to exert collective pressure. That spring, industrialist George Pullman cut wages and laid off workers at his enormous Chicago railcar factory. The American Railway Union, whose members built, operated, and maintained rail equipment, called a strike against Pullman. Addams, resolutely remaining impartial, led the federation in attempting to negotiate a settlement. The effort failed. The strike against the railroads went nationwide, stirring violence and ending in federal intervention by President Grover Cleveland. Both sides attacked Addams, who, shocked by the vitriol, emerged highly regarded for her evenhandedness. For this and similar efforts, organizations showered Addams with honors. The Daughters of the American Revolution made her an honorary member, for instance.

Addams began to receive requests to speak before civic and other groups. Eyeing her bank balance, eroded by outlays to renovate and operate Hull House, she saw in lecturing and writing the opportunity for a revenue stream. Her renown soon



Busy Hands
At Hull House youngsters
could learn to operate looms,
left, and make pottery.



On the House
Hull House, Chicago, here in the 1920s, was America's best-known settlement house.

had other progressive groups, including national and international suffrage organizations, proffering leadership roles.

The 1898 Spanish-American War and concern about European militarism had spurred a growing pacifist movement. Another offshoot of progressivism, this cadre, Addams included, viewed war as an outdated barbarity that could be rendered obsolete by an international body dedicated to peaceful mediation of international disputes. In 1911, Andrew Carnegie put up \$10 million for an Endowment for International Peace. Philosopher William James and colleagues, noting war's emotional appeal, advocated a "moral equivalent," perhaps national service, to bearing arms.

By 1912, Addams was well regarded enough to be tapped to place fellow progressive Theodore Roosevelt's name in nomination as Progressive—or "Bull Moose"—Party candidate for the presidency. Roosevelt was anything but a peacemaker. The presidency had deepened his belief that "by war alone can we acquire those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life." Addams believed in a life of mutual and democratic engagement but, even though she saw war as being intrinsic to Roosevelt's worldview, she nominated him. Roosevelt lost.

When Europe did go to war in August 1914, a revitalized peace movement drew Addams into its international

leadership. The following January, she and others of like mind founded the Women's Peace Party in Washington, DC; the group named Addams its president. The party endorsed "continuous mediation" of the European war conflict by neutral nations. In 1915, most Americans opposed taking a side. This wariness encouraged the peace group to hope President Woodrow Wilson would identify the United States, a neutral nation, as a negotiator. Wilson met and exchanged letters with Addams but the president committed to nothing.

In April 1915, Addams and other Women's Peace Party representatives sailed to the Netherlands for an International Congress of Women. At The Hague, many of the 1,500 pacifists, enthusiastically embracing the continuous mediation concept, knew Addams from international suffrage meetings; they named her the event's president. After the congress, she and other envoys toured warring and neutral countries, talking with foreign ministers as well as wounded soldiers and civilians. As the fact-finding tour was under way, a German submarine torpedoed the liner *Lusitania* off Ireland, killing Americans. Interventionists demanded the United States prepare for war; public sentiment for pacifism curdled.

Addams returned to America in July 1915 oblivious to the bellicose shift in national attitude. Addressing a peace rally at

New York's Carnegie Hall, she followed a written speech with extemporaneous remarks about meeting young military casualties in Europe, describing their complaints that "this war was an old man's war" and their stories of needing a drink to make a bayonet charge. Addams said needing alcohol to fight exposed humanity's fundamental goodness, rekindling her hope for the world. The next day's papers excoriated her, and she came under persistent attack. In a letter to *The New York Times*, war correspondent Richard Harding Davis claimed Addams had impugned every soldier. "Miss Addams denies him the credit of his sacrifice. She strips him of honor and courage," Davis wrote, calling her remarks an insult "flung by a complacent and self-satisfied woman at men who gave their lives." A Louisville paper termed Addams "a foolish, garrulous woman." Another derided her as "a silly, vain, impertinent old maid...who is now meddling with matters far beyond her capacity." *The New York Times* said women lacked the intellect to grasp the notion of war and the soldier's role.

Reporters pressed Addams to respond, but she refused. "The story had struck athwart the popular and long-cherished perception of the nobility and heroism of the soldier,"



Suitors

Theodore Roosevelt, top, and Woodrow Wilson both sought Addams's blessing for their presidential campaigns.

she wrote later, observing that critics fixated on her as "a choice specimen of a woman's sentimental nonsense." In October 1915, she wrote an essay on pacifism for the *New York Independent*. Critics again distorted her meaning. Letter writers spewed abuse at her. Promoters canceled lectures; when Addams did appear, she faced stony audiences or catcalls. Long-time allies shunned her. Friends like Justice Carter broke with her. "I do not suppose I shall ever be applauded in Chicago again," Addams told an intimate.

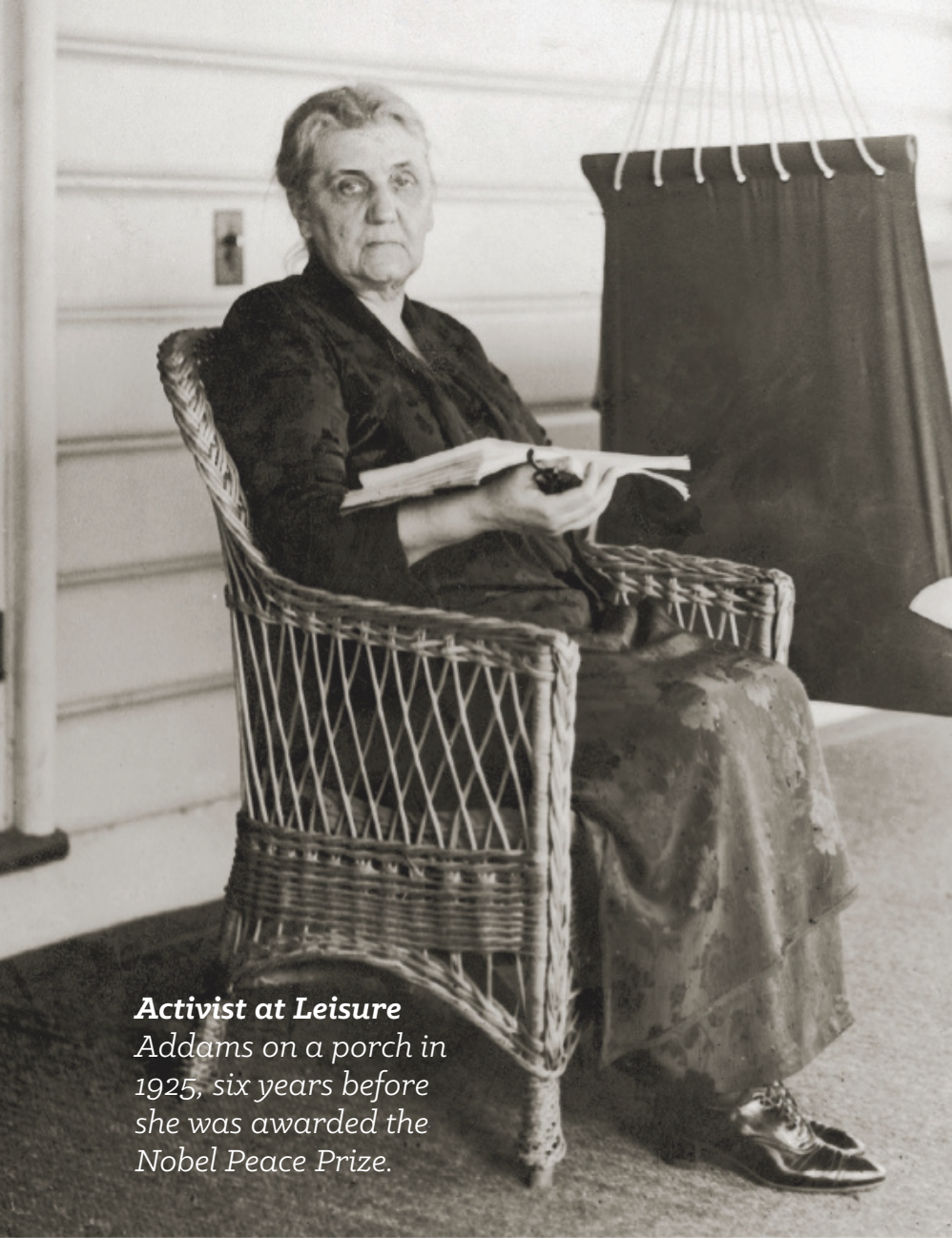
Decades of popularity had not prepared Addams, 57, for censure. She experienced a crisis of confidence. "In the hours of self-doubt and self-distrust the question again and again arises, has the individual...the right to stand out against millions of his fellow countrymen?" she wrote. She slowly realized that she was but one target among many. The public at large and a war-hungry press were pummeling anyone identified with pacifism.

Addams pressed on. Through much of 1916, illness, perhaps stress-related, consumed her energies. That autumn, presidential candidates Roosevelt and Wilson both sought her endorsement, hoping her support would help capture ballots in Illinois and 11 other states that now allowed



Women of the World, Unite!

Addams, fourth from left, attended the inaugural Women of the World Arms Affairs Conference, held in Washington, DC, in 1921.



Activist at Leisure

Addams on a porch in 1925, six years before she was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

women to vote in presidential elections. Roosevelt, who had quit the Progressive Party, was a long shot for the Republican nomination. Addams, always generous to opponents, allowed the ex-president to visit her. Democrat Wilson, campaigning for a second term with the slogan “He kept us out of war,” sent Addams five dozen roses. That October, after deliberating, she came out for Wilson—but only his domestic policies. Wilson sent another bouquet.

In late February 1917, Addams, now associated with the latest incarnation of pacifist thinking, the Emergency Peace Federation, met with the re-elected Wilson to discuss alternatives to war. To have a seat at peace talks, the president insisted, the United States had to join the fighting, and in April, the United States did. To muzzle pacifist criticism, Wilson proposed the Espionage Act. The bill’s ban on “disloyal speech” would make dissent a crime. Addams testified against the measure, to no avail. The Espionage Act and amendments known as the Sedition Act became law.

Jane Addams achieved personal peace amid public ire by hewing to what she called her “vision of the truth” and the “obligation to affirm it.” During the war years, Addams sometimes spoke publicly—always monitored by government officials—never directly criticizing the government but rather recommending peaceable solutions to conflict. She discussed the principle of honorable dissent and the definition of patriotism. Listeners were truculently silent or openly hostile; some called for her arrest on charges of disloyalty, but no charges ever were brought.

Addams’s rehabilitation began even before the war had ended. In late 1917, American “food czar” Herbert Hoover recruited her as a spokeswoman for Wilson administration nutrition and conservation efforts. Addams toured the country urging Americans to rethink their eating habits, talking about how feeding the hungry could unleash “a new and powerful force.” Months later, presaging the approach he would take during peace talks at Versailles, Wilson incorporated into his Fourteen Points speech ideas from the 1915 peace congress Addams had steered at The Hague.

The 1918 armistice accelerated Addams’s comeback. Once again, the peace movement regrouped, and the following year Addams again was elected president—this time of the Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom, dedicated to international goodwill and gender equality. Addams spent the 1920s promoting these goals, in the decade’s latter years drawing fire for advocating defense budget reductions. In response, the DAR rescinded her honorary membership. “I had supposed at the time that had been for life but it was apparently only for good behavior,” Addams joked. Increasingly fragile health tethered her to Chicago.

In 1931, the Nobel Committee awarded Addams, 71, its Peace Prize—the first American woman so honored. “In honoring Miss Addams, we also pay homage to the work which women can do for the cause of peace and fraternity among nations,” the committee declared.

Jane Addams died on May 22, 1935 and was hailed in a *New York Times* obituary as “a priestess of understanding among neighbors and of peace among nations.” She is buried in Cedarville. The Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom is still active. The institution she founded on Chicago’s west side in 1889 stayed relevant through the 20th century, meeting immigrants’ social and cultural needs. Closed as a settlement house in 2012, Hull House is now a museum. ★



Remembering a Heroine

Jane Addams Homes near West Taylor Street, Chicago, 1949.



Taken

Herman Lehmann might have been kidnapped,
but he liked being an Indian *By Peter Carlson*



Modus Operandi

In an 1851 Arizona incident, Apache raiders kidnapped girls from the Oatman family.



Standing Fast
Another Arizona settler
interacts warily with
Apache in 1880.

The three children were playing in a wheat field, several hundred yards from their home outside Loyal Valley, Texas, when the Apaches attacked. One grabbed Willie Lehmann, age 8, and carried him off. Willie's brother and sister screamed and sprinted for the family's log cabin. Caroline Lehmann, 9, got away. An Apache caught Herman, 11, and threw him to the ground. Herman fought back, punching, kicking, and biting, but the man overpowered him, ripped off the boy's clothes, tied him to a horse, and galloped off.

Hearing screams, Phillip Buchmeier, the children's stepfather, grabbed his gun and ran toward the noise. He was too late. Apaches had taken Willie and Herman. Buchmeier rushed to recruit a posse, but all the neighboring men were off rounding up cattle. It was May 16, 1870, in Mason County, Texas. Buchmeier and his wife Auguste, who had brought her three children to the marriage, were German immigrants scraping a living out of the soil of the Hill Country, where life's hazards included raids by Indians bent on stealing horses and sometimes children.

Captives in hand, the Apaches rode northwest, raiding another farm and stealing eight horses before vanishing into the dark. Herman was tied across his captor's mount like a deer carcass, his bare skin burned by the sun and scratched

bloody by thorns. Late that night, Carnoviste, the Apache who'd snatched Herman, spotted a calf. He slit the animal's throat and sliced open its stomach to slurp the milk within—a Plains Indian delicacy. Carnoviste offered Herman a drink. The boy recoiled. Angry, Carnoviste shoved Herman's head into the calf's stomach and rubbed sour milk on his face. Herman vomited. Carnoviste fed him raw calf's liver, another indigenous delicacy. Again the boy vomited. Carnoviste carried Herman to a waterhole, washed his face, and again tied him to the horse. They rode on.

On the band's fourth frenzied day, the Apaches exchanged shots with ten soldiers from the U.S. Ninth Cavalry. The soldiers killed one Apache and captured several stolen horses. After the skirmish, the Apaches again galloped. Willie fell from the horse on which he was being transported. No one came for him. Alone in a strange land, the boy wandered for three days. The driver of a freight wagon brought him home. His mother asked where Herman was.

"Herman has gone on, Mama," Willie told Auguste Buchmeier. "They took him on."

Ten days' hard riding brought the raiders to their village in New Mexico. A noisy crowd of curious Apaches surrounded the blue-eyed, sandy-haired, freckle-faced white

boy, hollering words Herman couldn't understand. An old woman pulled him off the horse, smacked him, and knocked him to the ground. A man with a knife sliced off a tuft of Herman's hair. Another man pierced the child's ears with a hot iron, then used the iron to sear scars into the captive's arm. Herman passed out. When he awoke, Apaches were washing his battered body. One of the men led the boy to a blanket covered with food and Herman ate.

Carnoviste brought Herman to his tent. His wife, Laughing Eyes, welcomed the boy and treated him kindly. The couple named him Enda, or White Boy. Herman was now part of their family. This was not unusual: Southern Plains Indians often adopted children they abducted. Since the Europeans had come, the native population had shrunk, ravaged by smallpox, cholera, and battles with whites. "Child captives," wrote historian Glenn Frankel, "were one way to replenish the population and bring comfort to bereaved families."

Laughing Eyes and Carnoviste put Herman to work—at first, mundane chores like fetching water, starting fires, and skinning game, along with humiliating rituals like washing Carnoviste's feet and picking lice from the Indian's hair. As Herman learned Apache, however, Carnoviste began training him in the warrior's arts—how to fashion arrows and bows and a buffalo-hide shield. And Herman began playing with the village boys—swimming, running races, riding horses.

On July 18, 1870, two months after kidnapping Herman Lehmann, Carnoviste led another run into Mason County. Again, the Apaches attacked the Buchmeier farm. Herman's stepfather was off working, but Auguste fought back, blasting the raiders with a shotgun, wounding Carnoviste and another Apache. The raiders didn't harm the family but before departing the Indians grabbed a toy pistol.

Back in New Mexico, Carnoviste, angry that his captive's

mother had shot him, beat Herman. Carnoviste showed the boy the toy gun, which Herman recognized, and lied, telling his prisoner that the Indians had killed his entire family. As far as Herman Lehmann was concerned, all he had in this world was Carnoviste and the Apache.

The Apaches, who lived by hunting and raiding, highly prized those skills. They attacked farms in Mexico and Texas, stealing horses and guns and frequently killing the people they encountered. Deer, antelope, and buffalo provided nearly all their food and clothing. Adolescent Apache boys were eager to prove their prowess in the wild and on raids. Herman Lehmann, aka Enda, was no exception.

His first raid came about a year after his capture, when Carnoviste led a band into Texas. The Indians spotted a tent with a black horse tied nearby. Carnoviste told Enda to steal the horse. When he hesitated, Carnoviste pointed a pistol at him. That settled the issue. Carnoviste handed the boy the pistol and Herman crept toward the tent. As he was cutting the horse's tether, a white man burst from the tent and fired a shotgun. The buckshot missed Herman but the blast knocked him to the ground. The horse and its owner ran. So did Herman, who hid in high grass until the Apaches summoned him and found that, in addition to failing his first test as a raider, he had lost Carnoviste's pistol. The next day, the raiders surprised a few cowboys, took their horses, and celebrated by roasting a stolen cow. Pushing deeper into Texas, the band snatched horses and exchanged gunfire with angry whites before driving their purloined horses home.

On another raid, a dozen Apaches, including Carnoviste and Herman, surprised four buffalo hunters, a hated subset of the white race. To feed the market for leather, riflemen like these were shooting thousands of buffalo, shipping their



Taken, Too

Captive Santiago McKinn, center, with playmates and adults at Geronimo's camp in 1886.

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1886, BY C. S. FLY,
Tombstone, Ariz.



Casus Belli

Whites' industrial-scale buffalo hunting was one reason behind Indian raids.

hides East and leaving the carcasses to rot, systematically destroying the basis of the Indians' culture. The Apaches captured one of the four, a Mexican; the rest fled. Carnoviste left Herman to guard the Mexican and led the other Apaches after the fleeing hunters. The Mexican threw a rock at Herman; Herman loosed an arrow that barely grazed the Mexican, who raised his hands in surrender. When Carnoviste returned, Herman explained what happened. Carnoviste ordered him to kill the Mexican. Herman put an arrow in the man's heart. Now scalp him, Carnoviste ordered. Herman hesitated, then obeyed. "I took my knife, made an incision all around the top of his head, grasped his hair with my fingers and gave a quick jerk backwards," he later recalled. "The scalp came off with a report like a pop-gun."

On a raid deep into Mason County, Texas, Herman helped steal horses and mules from his former neighbors. Passing the Lehmann cabin, the Apaches teased the boy, calling him a paleface and joking that he should go home. He refused, insisting that he was now an Apache. "I did not want to go, for I had learned to hate my own people," he later recalled.

In the spring of 1876, six years after his capture, Herman, 17, fled the Apaches. He would have stayed with the band longer but for a drunken brawl. Soused on cheap whiskey, a group of Apache men began fighting. A medicine man killed Carnoviste in front of Herman, who attacked the man who



had slain his foster father, killing the shaman with an arrow to the heart. Certain that the medicine man's relatives would be coming for him, Herman fled on horseback and took shelter in a remote canyon. "I was utterly alone in the wide world without a friend or protector, a hunted and hated thing to be slain on sight," he later recalled. "I was isolated from the Indians and afraid of the whites—absolutely alone."

Herman lived all summer in the canyon, surviving on what he caught and killed. Scared and lonely, that autumn he left his hideout, "a sense of dread weighing on my mind." Among the region's tribes were Comanche, a tribe that sometimes fought the Apache. Encountering a Comanche band, Herman sneaked so close to the Indians' campfire he could hear the men talking and laughing. Desperate for companionship, half-expecting to be killed, he walked toward the men, who leaped to their feet and grabbed weapons. But no violence broke out. A Comanche who spoke Apache translated as Herman told his long, strange tale of life among the whites and the Apache, then asked to become a Comanche. "I was told I would be taken into the tribe on condition that I would always remain a Comanche, that I would help them fight their enemies, and never surrender to the white men," he said later. From the Comanche, Herman Lehmann, aka Enda, got a new name—Montechena—and for the rest of his life he considered himself a Comanche, a tribe he preferred to the Apaches. "As a rule, the Comanche are a fun-loving people and enjoy a good laugh," he recalled later. "The Apaches are morose."

"Fun-loving" was not a phrase that most Texans of the 1870s would have used to describe the Comanche. In the 40 years since Americans had begun moving into Comanche territory in Texas, the groups had fought a merciless war characterized by gruesome atrocities inflicted against one another. "Neither side believed the other was fully human," Glenn Frankel wrote. "Comanche saw the Texans as invaders without conscience who occupied their lands, destroyed their hunting grounds and broke every promise. Texans saw Comanche as human vermin, brutal, merciless and sadistic."

By 1876, when Herman joined the Comanche, the tribe was losing that war. The year before, the U.S. Army had driven most Comanche onto a reservation in Oklahoma. Herman was now part of a band of about 50 diehards determined to fight the interlopers. Through spring and summer 1877, Herman and his Comanche band rampaged through northwest Texas, killing buffalo hunters and leaving mutilated corpses as a warning to others. "Scarcely a day passed without a

skirmish or a fight,” Herman recalled. But the Comanche were outnumbered, surrounded by whites and chased by Texas Rangers and the U.S. Cavalry. “It looked like our warriors would all soon be killed,” he wrote.

That summer, Army officials convinced Comanche chief Quanah Parker to leave the Oklahoma reservation and travel into Texas in an effort to persuade the renegades to surrender. Parker—son of Cynthia Ann Parker, a white woman who was captured by Comanche as a girl, then lived with the tribe for 24 years—had the trust of both whites and Comanches. He located Herman Lehmann’s band and spent four days with them, arguing that if the raiders kept fighting they soon would be killed.

“Finally,” Herman recalled, “our band agreed to go in.”

The renegades followed Quanah Parker into Oklahoma. On August 20, 1877, 58 Comanche, including Herman Lehmann, were approaching Fort Sill when Herman, seeing soldiers coming his way, panicked. He galloped into the nearly Wichita mountains, determined never to be captured.

Herman spent months in the mountains. Early in 1878, Quanah Parker informed him that his mother was still alive. Auguste Buchmeier, who never had stopped searching for her stolen son, wanted her boy home. Herman refused, insisting he was an Indian. It took months, but finally Quanah persuaded Herman to meet his white family.

Escorted by five soldiers, Herman arrived in May 1878 at the small hotel his mother owned in Loyal Valley. Not quite 19, he’d been gone eight years. A crowd of 300, chattering in languages the youth couldn’t understand—German and English—watched as a tearful Auguste hugged her son, who didn’t recognize her. To the young man, his mother was “no more than a white squaw.”

His sister and brother addressed him as Herman, which did sound familiar. Willie and Caroline led their sibling inside for a feast. The dishes included pork, which disgusted Montechena, who knocked the platter of pig meat off the table. That night, Herman refused to sleep indoors in a feather bed, instead sleeping outside on the ground. Willie joined him. In the morning, as his military escort was leaving, Herman tried

to ride along and became irate when the soldiers rebuffed him. Several times he ran away. Each time that happened Willie brought his older brother back. “The women would cry around me,” Hermann said. “I did not like tears.”

Herman gradually grew to love his birth family again but, like many former captives, he never fully rejoined white society. He hated school and refused to go, never learning to read. He worked fitfully as a farmhand and a cowboy. For a while,

The Negotiator
Comanche chief
Quanah Parker
let Herman know
his mother was
still alive.



Coming to Terms

In 1867, tribes including the Comanche, shown, met federal officials at Medicine Lodge Creek, Kansas Territory, making a treaty that led to eventual peace—and life on reservations.



Still Standing

Ordeal-cum-adventure long past, Herman Lehmann, right, meets with Texas Ranger Captain James Gillette.



he ran a saloon but he drank too much beer and got into fights. Finally he sold the place. In 1896, he married a white woman and with her moved to an Indian reservation in Oklahoma. He and his wife raised five children on the reservation. In 1927, he moved to Willie's ranch in Texas, where, at age 72, Herman Lehmann died in 1932.

In 1924, Herman told his story to a white journalist, who ghostwrote *Nine Years Among the Indians*. The memoir's title was an exaggeration—it was eight years—but the book sold well and remains in print. The text recounts, in gruesome detail, stories of Herman's many battles, but offers little insight into Herman's feelings about those violent days or

why he bonded with people who had brutally abducted him.

Herman did love recounting his adventures—and cashing in on his fame. At county fairs, he'd dress in buckskin and feathers and deliver a performance unique in showbiz history. Atop a horse he'd gallop into the arena, bow in hand and quiver of arrows on his back. He'd chase a calf, shooting arrows at his target's hooves, making the animal run faster and faster. With a war whoop and a well-placed arrow, he'd kill the calf, leap from his mount, slice open the calf's torso, and cut out the liver. In the spotlight, with the crowd gasping and cheering, Herman Lehmann would stand and eat the bloody liver raw, Indian style. ★



An Acquired Taste

Apaches stole Herman Lehmann from his loving family and brutalized him, but he soon became a loyal tribesman, eagerly raiding former neighbors, and several times refusing opportunities to return to his family of origin. Why? What caused Lehmann, left, and many other white abductees to come to prefer life among their abductors?

Scott Zesch wrestled with that question in *The Captured*, a book inspired by his great-great-great uncle, Adolph Korn. Abducted by Comanche in Texas in 1870, Korn became an ardent member of the tribe. Returned to his white family three years later, he never readjusted to white culture, ending his days as a cave-dwelling hermit. Zesch studied the cases of many Texas captives and found that “nearly all of them came to prefer the native people's society once they'd stayed with them more than a year.”

After the initial brutality of abduction, Zesch noted, Indians treated captives well. “The Comanche and Apaches not only received the child captives warmly and without prejudice; they also spent much time training them, making them feel significant in a tribal society.” For many captives, particularly adolescent boys, life among Indians was simply more fun than a diet of endless chores on a hardscrabble farm. “Ironically, captivity opened up a new world of freedom for some overworked farm children, who had previously spent their days herding livestock or hauling rocks or hoeing fields,” Zesch wrote. “With the Indians, they were allowed to ride horses, hunt, travel, loaf and play games.”

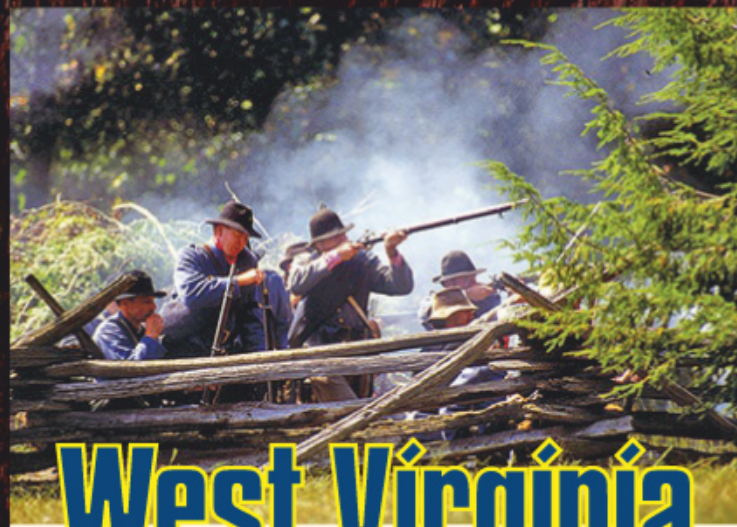
In *The Searchers*, his book on the classic John Wayne movie and the true story of the abduction that inspired John Ford to make the film, Glenn Frankel concluded that the Comanche had an ingenious means of assimilating captives. “A team of modern psychologists could not have dreamed up a more thorough method for absorbing a young person into the tribe,” Frankel wrote. “After being brutalized by his or her immediate captors and spirited north on a harrowing journey, the captive would be turned over to a family that oftentimes had lost a child of its own and treated the new addition with kindness and affection. Within a matter of months, the

young person would lose the ability to speak English, and memories of parents and families faded or were crowded out altogether by many kindnesses and new adventures.”

“These children were treated very well,” William Chebahtah, Comanche grandson of one of Lehmann's closest Indian friends, wrote in his book *Chevato*. “They were thought of as family and that's why they never wanted to leave. That's why it was hard for Herman Lehmann to leave the Comanche culture and come back home.” —Peter Carlson

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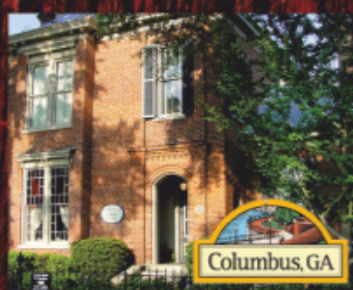


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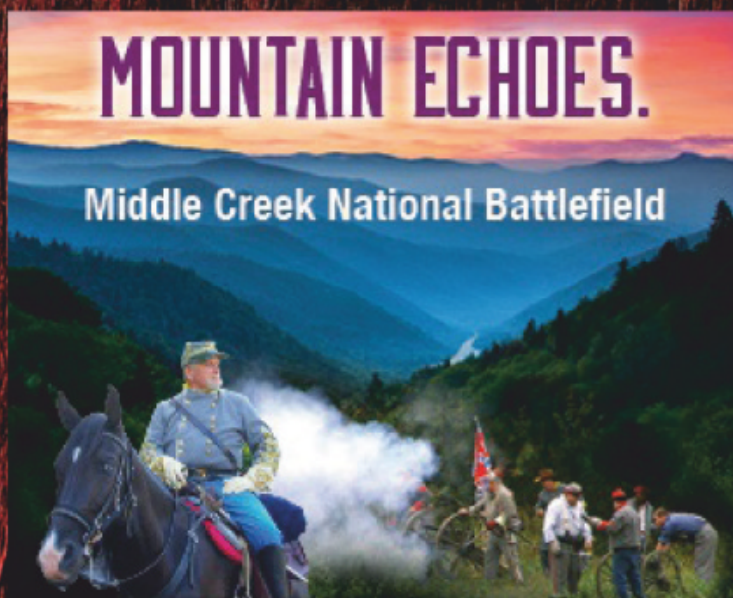
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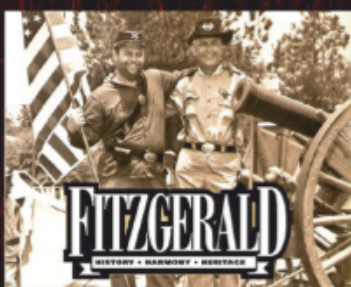


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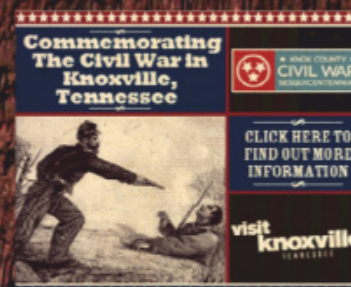
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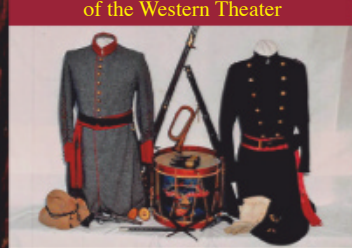


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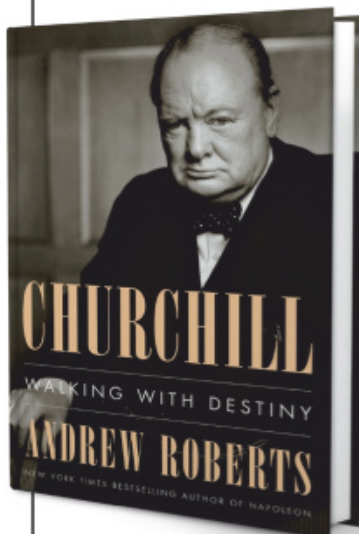


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SO MANY HOURS

Winston Was Back
The PM with his troops, 1942.



Churchill: Walking with Destiny

By Andrew Roberts
Penguin Random House, 2018; \$40

With the 2017 film *Darkest Hour* imprinting on the popular mind an improbably demotic Winston Churchill—prosthetically enhanced Gary Oldman hanging with Tube-traveling plebs (wrong) and sprinting around Whitehall (right)—here comes Roberts, prolific historian and biographer of Napoleon and Lords Salisbury and Halifax, to rebalance his late countryman's portrait. In 1,151 vivid pages, *Walking* corrects Hollywood's airbrushing of the 20th century's indispensable 19th-century or perhaps 18th-century man by incising into that rosy rendering needed shadows of rampant imperialism and relentless self-aggrandizement. As Patrick O'Brian refused in his *Age of Sail* swashbucklers to consider that a reader might not speak fluent pre-industrial navalese, so too Roberts deigns not to simplify. He paints Churchill's long and complex life, notably its political aspects, with a Britannic granularity that, like a Turner canvas, perfectly illuminates with barely a stroke of explication,

and for that bless the author's heart. Roberts explains by showing, and if that means one must gnash through the occasional gnarl regarding the minute implications of by-election and deselection in an obscure borough, then one must. Roberts's Churchill is not only British as British can be but a New World *fli-bustero* in the mode of the buccaneering American mother who bore him. He slashes through life utterly confident—"In the high position I shall occupy," he tells chum Murland Evans at 16, "it will fall to me to save the capital and save the Empire."—yet tormented by his father's scorn, failure, and early death. This Churchill is ever alert for the main chance as well as for the chance to take a stand, popular or, more likely, un-, in defense of his calamitous turn at Gallipoli, say, his opposition to granting India dominion status, his allegiance to the abdicant Edward VIII, or his prescience regarding the murderous Thousand Year Reich. The last three punctuated a

decade in the political wilderness that inoculated Churchill against guilt by even the remotest association with appeasement and freed him to exercise his hortatory mastery to speak truth to weakness. “Short words are the best,” the old orator said after winning the war he was born to fight. “And the old words when

short are the best of all.” *Walking* contains many, many words, brief and attenuated, some new and some old, all brilliantly deployed but no more of either than this fine volume’s subject demands and deserves.

—**Michael Dolan is editor of *American History*.**

DIGGING DISMAL SCIENCE

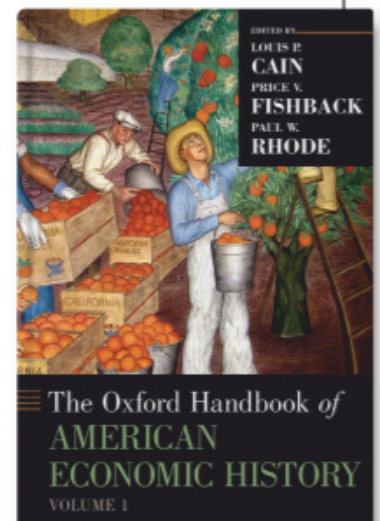
The main question about this two-volume set is: history or economics? Method tells the tale. Economists look for analytical generalities from which quantitative testing might wring predictive lessons. Historians look for holistic qualitative narratives focusing on idiosyncratic personality and circumstance. With few exceptions, *Handbook’s* 37 presentations qualify as economics. Entries such as “The Baby Bust and Childbearing after 1960: Changes in Demand, Supply or Both?”, tables of regression results “Explaining Average Height by Per Capita Income, Gini Coefficient, Place of Residence, Gender, Ethnic Group, and Age,” and exponential production functions are not out of place, however. To economists, the past is just another data set.

Historians will value this collection for the same reasons economists will. Most essays feature reviews of data on all manner of policy regarding demographics, productivity, labor, education, technology, and economics. An extensive bibliography accompanies each chapter, usually following an appraisal of current findings and research suggestions. Historians may chafe at the lack of detailed narrative, but averaging 25 pages per topic leaves no space for stories—or, for that matter, novel economic research.

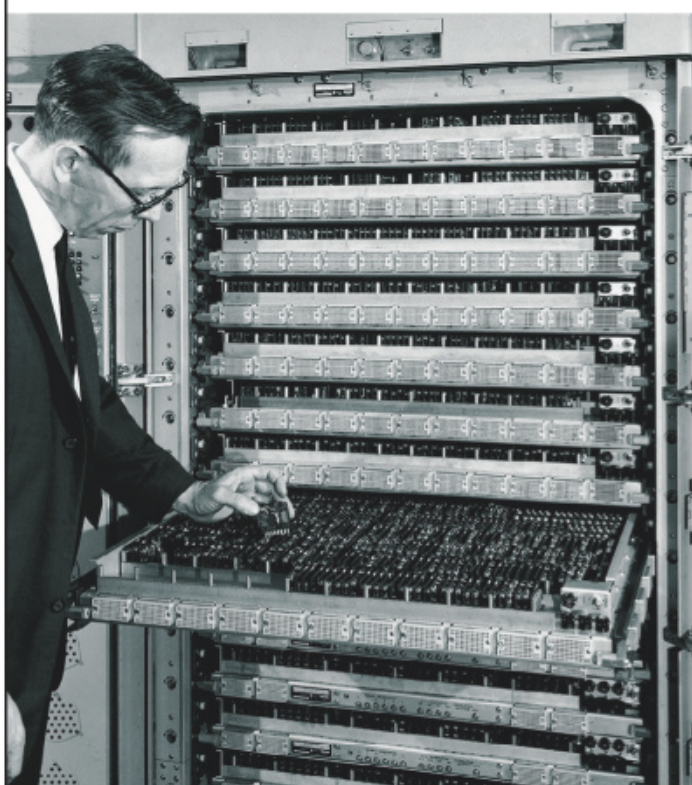
Handbook is a reference work summarizing what we know and what we ought to study, also offering something for everyone to learn. Changkeun Lee and Paul Rhode insightfully describe three successive industrial revolutions driven by steam, electricity, and the integrated circuit. The book’s editors commendably devote attention to the history of seemingly abstract business organization and property rights, and they have made all this material as accessible as economics can be to historians. By any standard—much less economists’ jargon- and math-ridden pidgin—these chapters are graced by clarity, a generally common format, and fluent writing.

Handbook is not perfect. Civil rights, geographic expansion, and the administrative state deserve more attention than sports, although the editors can be forgiven for giving readers a little entertainment. The chapters’ topical focus rules out detailed consideration of such controversial assertions as crediting slavery’s demise to economics rather than morality or Robert Fogel’s claim that railroads’ economic value is overstated. These shortcomings are minor given the collection’s breadth and depth. Students of American economic history, be they economists or historians, should want these volumes on their shelves or in the stacks at a nearby library.

—**Timothy Brennan is a professor in the School of Public Policy at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County.**



The Oxford Handbook of American Economic History
Edited By Louis Cain, Price Fishback, and Paul Rhode
Oxford, 2018; \$300



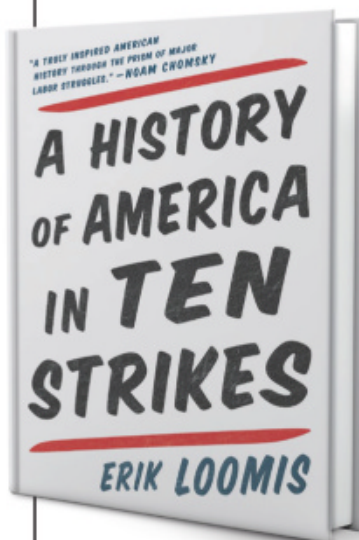
Another Data Set
In 1965, a technician replaces a circuit card in a Univac 1206’s chassis tray.

Last Stand

In 1981, striking air traffic controllers show defiance as they picket at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport.



WALKING THAT LINE



A History of America in Ten Strikes

By Erik Loomis
New Press, 2018;
\$27.99

There are many ways to examine the American story. In the 1890s, historians wanting to move beyond the explorer-general-president lens developed a subspecialty of labor history. At first this school focused on the creation of unions and their battles with management. In the last 50 years or so, the field has widened and deepened to incorporate the greater working class, with emphasis on its social and political settings. The latest entry in this “new labor history” movement is *A History of America in Ten Strikes*, by the University of Rhode Island’s Erik Loomis.

That title sets up false expectations. Loomis so expansively defines “strike” that many entries in his proletarian decalogue are hardly strikes at all. For instance, he lumps together anything slaves did to hamper plantation output—from slowing down in the fields to burning food in the kitchen—as a form of strike. And even when he homes in on more classic actions, such as the 1936 sit-down strike when workers refused to vacate a General Motors body plant in Flint, Michigan, and the 1981 air traffic controller strike, the era’s general state of worker-employer relations gets much more ink than the particular dispute.

Loomis writes with an unvarnished political perspective. In prose reminiscent of 1930s-style Marxist-influenced diatribes, he casts all employers as greedy and all workers as worthy but oppressed. He views compromise—a key cog in a functioning democracy—as an inherent shortcoming. And he’s not always accurate: he lists United Auto Workers president Walter Reuther as the only white to address the 1963 March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom, ignoring five other white men on the program.

Loomis does chart effectively how labor’s power has waxed and waned over the past two centuries. He is honest about the extent to which organized labor’s failure to embrace non-white workers and, to a lesser extent, women, limited unions’ impact on society even in their heydays. Loomis emphasizes that “throughout American history, the fate of labor unions largely rests on the ability to elect politicians that will allow them to succeed,” and he crisply shows how shifting social values jibe with such electoral results. So, caveats aside, *Ten Strikes* is a useful primer on the history of labor in the United States.

—Daniel B. Moskowitz writes the SCOTUS 101 column.

NO, THE OTHER WINTER WAR

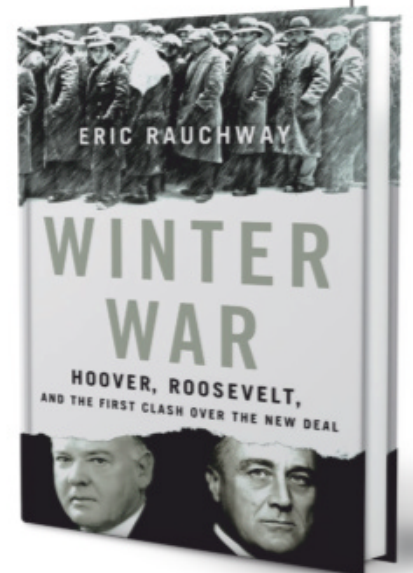
On March 4, 1933, Franklin Roosevelt took office, replacing the much-scorned Herbert Hoover and relegating the Republican Party to minority status on Capitol Hill for most of the next 50 years. That many recent histories exculpate Hoover as an ardent foe of the Depression cuts no ice with Rauchway, professor of history at the University of California, Davis. In his spirited chronicle of the interlude between 1932's election and 1933's inauguration, Rauchway portrays Hoover supporting modest efforts at protecting business, banks, and farmers but remaining a Social Darwinist, sure that failure has culled weaklings, leaving strong survivors already beginning to rebuild American prosperity.

Roosevelt's paraplegia—a nervous system disorder in 1921 had cost him the use of his legs—was an open secret that he and the press soft-pedaled, leaving most Americans vague as to his disability. Not so fellow politicians. Hoover thought FDR a “paralytic” lacking presidential stamina, as well as an intellectual lightweight whose radical plans would destroy the nation. Rauchway does credit Hoover with realizing that Roosevelt's plans envisioned big change, a contrast to the

school of thought holding that FDR improvised the New Deal. Rauchway traces to post-1945 memoirs by FDR subordinates and general Cold War disdain for collectivism the improv theory's popularity. “Liberals liked it because it gave them an anti-ideological hero,” he writes. “Leftists liked it because it explained why Roosevelt had been so disappointing. And conservatives liked it because it allowed them to discount his success as a lucky fluke.” In fact, the first New Deal-style measure—paying farmers not to plant—was introduced in December 1932 and flopped, confirming Hoover's low opinion of the victor's talents.

Lame duck and successor met several times to no avail. FDR smoothly deflected the incumbent's proposals, so infuriating Hoover that he spent the rest of a long life—he died in 1964—attacking the New Deal. Rauchway's FDR is not the nothing-to-fear-but-fear-itself cheerleader but a proactive executive, hardly a surprise given his record 1929-32 as New York's activist governor. The wryly titled *Winter War* astutely recounts a critical transition deep in the Depression.

—Mike Oppenheim writes in *Lexington, Kentucky*.



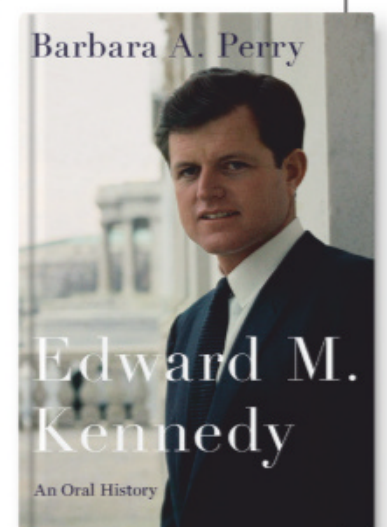
The Winter War: Hoover, Roosevelt, and the First Clash Over the New Deal
By Eric Rauchway
Basic, 2018; \$28

TALES OF TED

A U.S. senator for 47 years, Edward Kennedy (1932-2009) is recalled mostly as the youngest and only unmurdered of three famous political brothers, as well as something of a black sheep. Needless to say, there's more to him. Editor Perry, director of presidential studies at the University of Virginia, overseeing 500 pages of interviews with an elderly Kennedy and his intimates, delivers a revealing portrait of two generations of American politics.

The last of nine children in a wealthy and competitive family, Edward, 15 years brother John's junior, worked hard and mostly futilely

to gain household notice. Harvard admitted him because of his influential father, not his brains, then, catching him cheating, suspended him for two years. Harvard Law being less amenable, he attended the University of Virginia law school. His grades remained mediocre, but he worked hard, graduating in 1959, having established himself as an enthusiastic campaigner by helping in John's 1958 Senate re-election campaign. He successfully managed the western states in JFK's 1960 presidential run. Neither Jack nor Bobby was happy at Teddy's 1962 decision to seek JFK's



Edward M. Kennedy: An Oral History
Edited by Barbara A. Perry
Oxford, 2019; \$34.95

former Senate seat, but they came around.

An ill-starred decade followed. Bullets claimed Jack in 1963 and Bob in 1968. A 1964 air crash nearly killed Ted. Campaign worker Mary Jo Kopechne's 1969 death by drowning in Kennedy's car blighted his presidential ambitions. Four years later bone cancer cost his son a leg.

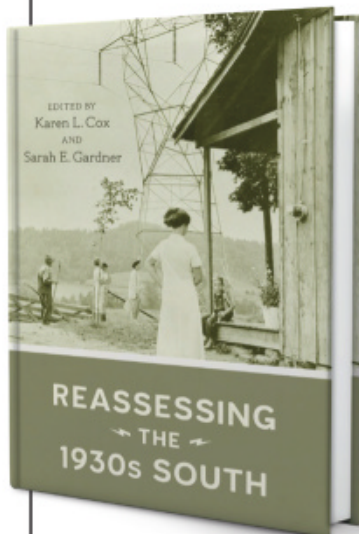
Regardless of Kennedy's rakish national reputation, Massachusetts voters always re-elected him with large majorities. He became a veteran Hill insider and the Senate's most widely recognized liberal member. Can anyone name his successor?...

Kennedy's successful fight for the 1965 Hart-Celler immigration law, which replaced a notorious 1924 measure, received less ink and airtime than LBJ's civil rights and voting reforms but changed America no less than

they did. His support of legislation for women's rights, gay rights, and national health care and against housing bias mark Kennedy as the last exemplar of a progressivism that flourished from the New Deal to the Great Society and is now quiescent.

Makers of this admirable series boast of editing minimally. Scholars will approve, but because hardly anyone speaks in grammatical sentences transcripts like these are tough reads. Readers may prefer to focus on Perry's lucid introductions, skim the often rambling and repetitious verbatim record, and read an excellent biography such as Peter Canellos's *Last Lion*, or wait for a historian to refine this valuable raw material.

—Mike Oppenheim writes in *Lexington, Kentucky*.



Reassessing the 1930s South

Edited by Karen L. Cox and Sarah E. Gardner
Louisiana State University Press,
2018; \$45

SOUTHERN EXPOSITION

An outgrowth of a 2010 Southern Historical Association panel of historians, art critics, and literary scholars, this slender volume addresses the Depression-era South in chapters titled Literary Alternatives, Art and Theater, Tourism and Modernization, Rural Representations and Realities, and Race and Interracialism.

The editors explore in 13 papers how, 80 years ago, the region “grappled with modernity,” including the pivotal matter of race, as well as topics related to “travel, literature, theater, and the visual arts.” The analysis sometimes exceeds its nominal decade. In “Unveiling Black Labor,” Steven Knepper critiques the “plantation myth” on a longer arc. Writing on dramatist Tennessee Williams, Anthony Stanonis, too, plays the longer game, often tangentially. On novelist and short story writer Edwin P. O'Donnell, Brian Giesza goes heavier on the humorist's writing than on its place in the stipulated era.

The epochal Tennessee Valley Authority makes two disparate appearances that plow kindred ground before staking particular claims. Robert Haynes regards the TVA through three writers whose works function like telescopes, too sharply constricting his

perspective. Douglas Thompson summarizes how the auto engendered vast social and economic change. Scott Matthews writes engagingly of upheaval occasioned by bad press about impoverished Greene County, Georgia, as a stalking horse for farming communities elsewhere in America, floating a thesis topic for would-be doctoral candidates. The coverage, in *Collier's* magazine, kickstarted federal concern and spurred a backlash from local big shots, one of whom read a fiery retort in the U.S. House of Representatives. Rebecca Sharpless and Melissa Walker discuss the roles of women in the region as documented during the decade in voluminous interviews of rural white, black, and Mexican women. Nicholas Roland makes admirable use of Texas to explicate the complex and overarching topic of race.

Except in the section Rural Representation and Realities, the book's long suit is neither cohesion nor accessibility, lurching as it does from one densely academical discourse to another, connected with a hardworking but ultimately failed integument of tortured logic. Including religion, education, and the lives of children in the 1930s South would have deepened and grounded the enterprise. Some papers would work better as freestanding articles in related periodicals.

“The quest to understand the 1930s South continues,” the editors conclude.

Yes, it does.

—Richard Culyer writes in *Hartsville, South Carolina*.

***** An intriguing mix of fears, and history, briskly paced and cleverly told.

It was fun to read about St. Augustine in the aftermath of the War of Northern Aggression.

- Steve Berry, NYT and International bestselling Author

***** An extremely informative historical novel, Redfish Oak is a suspenseful murder mystery, and an inspiring Bildungsroman all rolled into one amazing story.

- Lance Carden, Author and Christian Science Monitor editor (ret)

THE CIVIL WAR WAS OVER,
BUT SOME BATTLES RAGED ON.

REDFISH OAK



George Putnam & Jewel Grutman

***** A splendid, thoughtful, page-turning, Southern Gothic thriller of an historical novel!

- Francis B. Randall, Professor Emeritus of History, Sarah Lawrence College

***** Well-written and a pleasure to read. Redfish Oak emphasizes St. Augustine's struggle with racism following the Civil War and the Indian Wars. A captivating tale of conflict between the forces of the old and new South and the involvement of three youngsters in the struggle, it succeeds as a sound historical novel as well as a touching human story. - Robert Gold, author, critic, history professor

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AN AMERICAN PLACE

Coupeville, Washington...

...on the south shore of Whidbey Island's Penn Cove, was Washington Territory's second pioneer settlement. Homesteaders here were seconding the indigenous Coastal Salish people's ancient choice of the island as a home for its appealing climate and salubrious land- and seascape. The tribe, which fished and cultivated camas bulbs for boiling, roasting, and grinding into flour, was known for the potlatch, a gift-giving ritual. Laid out in the 1850s by Canadian mariner Thomas Coupe, the town became a busy port trading in timber, produce, and seafood. The vintage main street and other island locations costar in witchy 1998 rom-com *Practical Magic*. Notoriety enveloped Penn Cove between 1965 and 1973 when divers capturing orcas long resident there for relocation to marine parks drowned some of those marine mammals. Aviators from U.S. Naval Air Station Whidbey Island practice carrier moves on a runway outside town. Accessible by the Deception Pass bridge or by ferry from Seattle and adjacent cities, Coupeville lies at the heart of Ebey's Landing National Historical Reserve—nps.gov/ebla/index.htm—named for a pioneer family and popular as a destination for brides and grooms, vacationers, and bicycling tourists.

—Michael Dolan

Flip Sides

The view from the Coupeville dock includes the backs of buildings lining Front Street, which in times past, inset, was a classic frontier setting.



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Bay Civil War Trail that highlights famous Civil War battles. Drive the impressive, historic trail that stretches from the Gulf of Mexico to north Mobile County.

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Immerse yourself in America's Civil War with a visit to Tupelo, MS. The Battle of Brice's Crossroads, the Battle of Tupelo/Harrisburg, and the Battle of Old Town Creek were the last stands of the Confederate cavalry in Northeast Mississippi, during the summer of 1864. Today, visitors can walk in the footsteps of soldiers who defended this land and delve deeper into these decisive battles that occurred in and around Tupelo.

The Mississippi's Final Stands Interpretive Center serves as a guide to enthusiasts interested in Mississippi's place in the Civil War. The center's many interpretive exhibits explain the state's role in the Civil War and how the battles fought here were significant to the progress of the war. A film also chronicles the Battle of Brice's Crossroads and its significance to the war and military history.

Located just minutes from the center is Brice's Crossroads National Battlefield where guests can walk the 1,600-acre hallowed ground. A one-acre site maintained by the National Park Service at the site of the Brice house contains a monument and two cannons which commemorate the

Battle of Brice's Crossroads. Adjacent to the monument is Bethany Historic Cemetery which contains a mass grave of Confederate soldiers and markers for ninety-six Confederate soldiers who were known to have been killed during the Battle of Brice's Crossroads.

The Tupelo National Battlefield site is marked in the heart of town. The first day of the Battle of Tupelo/Harrisburg was fought here with over 20,000 soldiers and was the last time that Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest's renowned cavalry fought Union infantry during the Civil War. Across town, the Battle of Town Creek interprets the second day of fighting during the Battle of Tupelo/Harrisburg.

Tupelo's Civil War history is further preserved through the Heritage Trails Enrichment Program, marking significant sites throughout town. From makeshift hospitals and prisons to homes where famous generals stayed, visitors can gain a deeper understanding of what life was like for soldiers and residents of Northeast Mississippi during the war.

Paid Advertorial by Tupelo Convention and Visitors Bureau



Tupelo is within an hour's drive of Shiloh and Corinth and has an abundant Civil War history told in a variety of products including a 4,000 foot exhibit center, an 1,800 acre battlefield, and a heritage trail marking six sites. Take a day and explore Mississippi's Final Stands in the Civil War as you learn about the Battle of Brice's Crossroads and the Battle of Tupelo/Harrisburg.

For our full history and heritage itineraries, visit tupelo.net or call 800-533-0611




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